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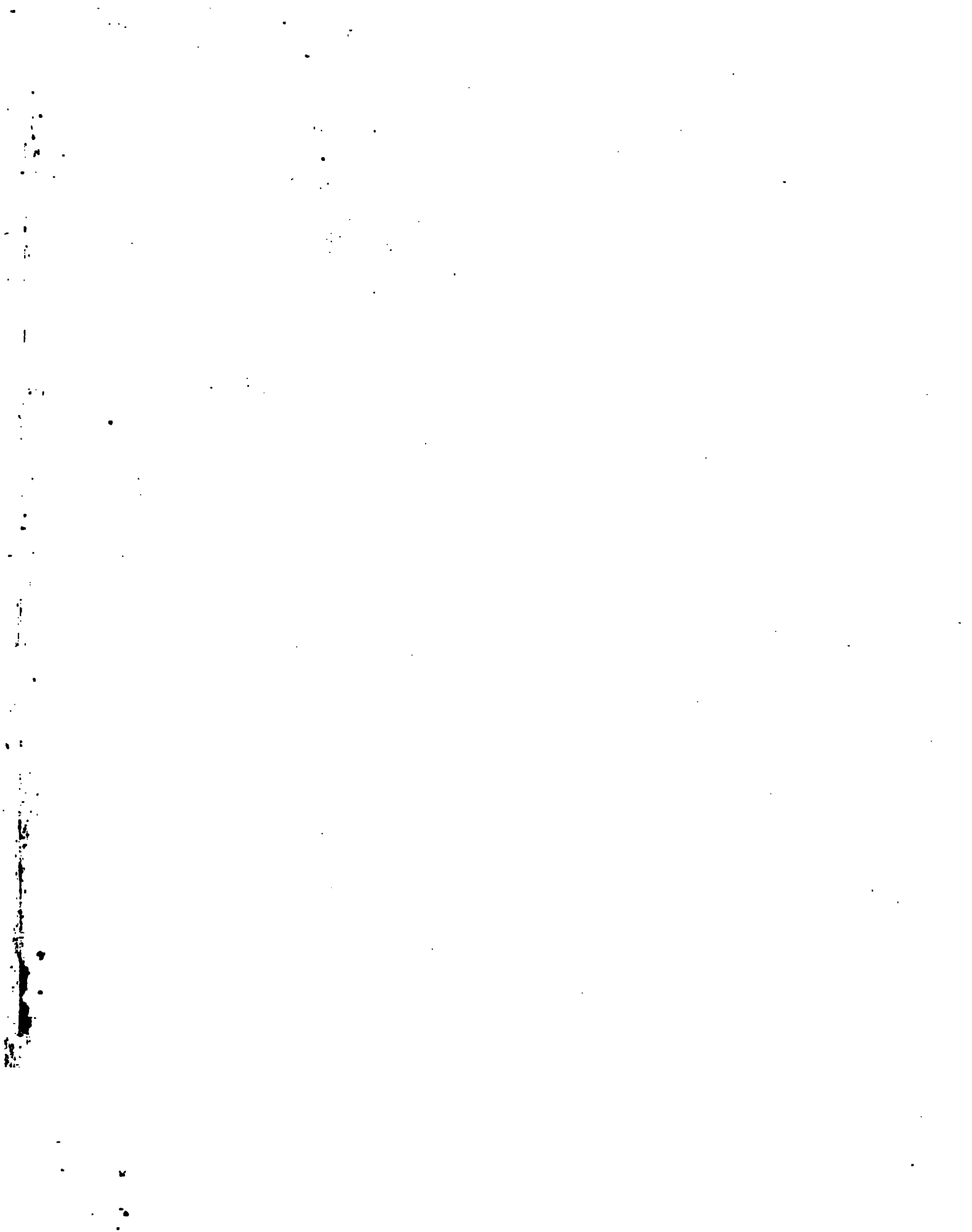




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POETRY
OF THE
ANTI-JACOBIN.

2805 d. 112

POETRY
OF THE
ANTI-JACOBIN.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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1801.



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POETRY
OF THE
ANTI-JACOBIN.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

November 20, 1797.

IN our anxiety to provide for the amusement as well as information of our Readers, we have not omitted to make all the inquiries in our power for ascertaining the means of procuring Poetical assistance: and it would give us no small satisfaction, to be able to report, that we had succeeded, in this point, precisely in the manner which would best have suited our own taste and feelings, as well as those which we wish to cultivate in our Readers.

But whether it be that good morals, and what we should call

good politics, are inconsistent with the spirit of true Poetry—whether “ the Muses still with freedom found,” have an aversion to *regular* governments, and require a frame and system of protection less complicated than king, lords, and commons ;—

“ Whether primordial *nonsense* springs to life
 “ In the wild war of *Democratic* strife,”

and there only—or for whatever other reason it may be, whether physical, or moral, or philosophical (which last is understood to mean something more than the other two, though exactly *what*, it is difficult to say), we have not been able to find one good and true poet, of sound principles and sober practice, upon whom we could rely for furnishing us with a handsome quantity of sufficient and approved verse—such verse as our Readers might be expected to get by heart, and to sing ; as the worthy philosopher MONGE describes the little children of Sparta and Athens, singing the songs of Freedom, in expectation of the coming of *the Great Nation*.

In this difficulty, we have had no choice, but either to provide no poetry at all,—a shabby expedient,—or to go to the only market where it is to be had good and ready made, that of the *Jacobins*—an expedient full of danger, and not to be used but with the utmost caution and delicacy.

To this latter expedient, however, after mature deliberation, we have determined to have recourse:—qualifying it, at the same

time, with such precautions, as may conduce at once to the safety of our Readers' principles, and to the improvement of our own poetry.

For this double purpose, we shall select, from time to time, from among those effusions of the *Jacobin* Muse which happen to fall in our way, such pieces as may serve to illustrate some one of the principles, on which the poetical, as well as the political, doctrine of the NEW SCHOOL is established—prefacing each of them, for our Readers' sake, with a short disquisition on the particular tenet intended to be enforced or insinuated in the production before them—and accompanying it with an humble effort of our own, in imitation of the poem itself, and in further illustration of its principle.

By these means, though we cannot hope to catch “the wood-notes wild” of the Bards of Freedom, we may yet acquire, by dint of repeating after them, a more complete knowledge of the secret in which their greatness lies, than we could by mere prosaic admiration—and if we cannot become poets ourselves, we at least shall have collected the elements of a *Jacobin* Art of Poetry, for the use of those whose genius may be more capable of turning them to advantage.

It might not be unamusing to trace the springs and principles of this species of poetry, which are to be found, some in the exaggeration, and others in the direct inversion of the sentiments and passions, which have in all ages animated the breast of the

favourite of the Muses, and distinguished him from the “vulgar throng.”

The poet in all ages has despised riches and grandeur.

The *Jacobin* poet improves this sentiment into a hatred of the rich and the great.

The poet of other times has been an enthusiast in the love of his native soil.

The *Jacobin* poet rejects all restriction in his feelings. *His* love is enlarged and expanded so as to comprehend all human kind. The love of all human kind is without doubt a noble passion: it can hardly be necessary to mention, that its operation extends to *Freemen*, and them only, all over the world.

The old poet was a warrior, at least in imagination; and sung the actions of the heroes of his country, in strains which “made “Ambition Virtue,” and which overwhelmed the horrors of war in its glory.

The *Jacobin* poet would have no objection to sing battles too—but *he* would take a distinction. The prowess of Buonaparte, indeed, he might chant in his loftiest strain of exultation. *There* we should find nothing but trophies, and triumphs, and branches of laurel and olive, phalanxes of Republicans shouting victory, satellites of despotism biting the ground, and geniusses of Liberty planting standards on mountain-tops.

But let his own country triumph, or her allies obtain an advantage, straightway the “beauteous face of war” is changed; the

“pride, pomp, and circumstance” of victory are kept carefully out of sight—and we are presented with nothing but contusions and amputations, plundered peasants, and deserted looms. Our poet points the thunder of his blank verse at the head of the recruiting serjeant, or roars in dithyrambics against the lieutenants of press-gangs.

But it would be endless to chase the coy Muse of *Jacobinism* through all her characters. *Mille habet ornatus*. The *Mille decenter habet*, is perhaps more questionable. For in whatever disguise she appears, whether of mirth or of melancholy, of piety or of tenderness, under all disguises, like Sir John Brute in woman’s clothes, she is betrayed by her drunken swagger and ruffian tone.

In the poem which we have selected for the edification of our Readers, and our own imitation, this day, the principles which are meant to be inculcated speak so plainly for themselves, that they need no previous introduction.

INSCRIPTION

*for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where HENRY MARTEN,
the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years.*

FOR thirty years secluded from mankind
Here MARTEN linger'd. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison ; not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist ;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams
Save when through yon high bars he pour'd a sad
And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime ?
He had REBELL'D AGAINST THE KING, AND SAT
IN JUDGMENT ON HIM ; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams ! but such
As Plato loved ; such as with holy zeal
Our Milton worshipp'd. Blessed hopes ! a while
From man withheld, even to the latter days
When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfill'd !

IMITATION.

INSCRIPTION

*for the Door of the Cell in Newgate, where Mrs. BROWNRIGG,
the Prentice-cide, was confined previous to her Execution.*

FOR one long term, or e'er her trial came,
Here BROWNRIGG linger'd. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She scream'd for fresh geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand,
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?

SHE WHIPP'D TWO FEMALE PRENTICES TO DEATH,
AND HID THEM IN THE COAL-HOLE; for her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton, when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But time shall come,
When France shall reign, and laws be all repeal'd!

No. II.

November 27.

IN the specimen of JACOBIN POETRY which we gave in our last Number, was developed a principle, perhaps one of the most universally recognized in the Jacobin Creed ; namely, “ that the “ animadversion of *human laws* upon *human actions*, is for the most “ part nothing but *gross oppression* ; and that, in all cases of the “ administration of *criminal justice*, the truly benevolent mind will “ consider only the *severity of the punishment*, without any reference to the *malignity of the crime*.” This principle has of late years been laboured with extraordinary industry, and brought forward in a variety of shapes, for the edification of the public. It has been inculcated in bulky quartos, and illustrated in popular novels. It remained only to fit it with a poetical dress, which had been attempted in the Inscription for Chepstow Castle, and which (we flatter ourselves) was accomplished in that for Mrs. Brownrigg’s Cell.

Another principle, no less devoutly entertained, and no less sedulously disseminated, is *the natural and eternal warfare of the POOR and the RICH*. In those orders and gradations of society, which are the natural result of the original difference of talents and of industry among mankind, the Jacobin sees nothing but a

graduated scale of violence and cruelty. He considers every rich man as an oppressor, and every person in a lower situation as the victim of avarice, and the slave of aristocratical insolence and contempt. These truths he declares loudly, not to excite compassion, or to soften the consciousness of superiority in the higher, but for the purpose of aggravating discontent in the inferior orders.

A human being, in the lowest state of penury and distress, is a treasure to a reasoner of this cast. He contemplates, he examines, he turns him in every possible light, with a view of extracting from the variety of his wretchedness, new topics of invective against the pride of property. He indeed (if he is a true Jacobin), refrains from *relieving* the object of his compassionate contemplation; as well knowing, that every diminution from the general mass of human misery, must proportionably diminish the force of his argument.

This principle is treated at large by many authors: it is versified in sonnets and elegies without end. We trace it particularly in a poem by the same author from whom we borrowed our former illustration of the Jacobin doctrine of crimes and punishments. In this poem the pathos of the matter is not a little relieved by the absurdity of the metre. We shall not think it necessary to transcribe the whole of it, as our imitation does not pretend to be so literal as in the last instance, but merely aspires to convey some idea of the manner and sentiment of the original.

One stanza, however, we must give, lest we should be suspected of painting from fancy, and not from life.

The learned reader will perceive that the metre is Sapphic, and affords a fine opportunity for his *scanning* and *proving*, if he has not forgotten them.

Cōld wās thē nīght wīnd : drīftīng fāst thē snōws fēll,
 Wīde wēre thē dōwns, ānd shēltērlēss ānd nākēd :
 Whēn ā poōr wānd'rēr strūglēd ōn hēr jōurnēy
 Wēarȳ ānd wāy-sōre.

This is enough : unless the reader should wish to be informed how

Fāst o'ēr thē bleāk heāth rāttlīng drōve ā chāriōt ;

or how, not long after,

Lōūd blēw thē wīnd, ūnheārd wās hēr cōmplāīnīng—
 ōn wēnt thē hōrsemān.

We proceed to give our imitation, which is of the *Amæbæan* or *Collocutory* kind.

IMITATION.

S A P P H I C S.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

“ **N**EEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in’t,
So have your breeches!

“ **W**eary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
-road, what hard work ’tis crying all day, “ Knives and
“ Scissars to grind O!”

“ **T**ell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

“ Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

“ (Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.”

KNIFE-GRINDER.

“ Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

“ Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
-Stocks for a vagrant.

“ I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.”

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

“ *I* give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn’d first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !”

*[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a
transport of Republican Enthusiasm and Universal
Philanthropy.]*

No. III.

NOVEMBER 30.

We have received the following from a Loyal Correspondent, and we shall be very happy at any time to be relieved, by Communications of a similar tendency, from the Drudgery of Jacobinical Imitations.

THE INVASION;

OR, THE BRITISH WAR SONG.

TUNE, "*Whilst happy in my native land.*"

I.

WHILST happy in our native land,
So great, so famed in story,
Let's join, my friends, with heart and hand
To guard our country's glory:
When Britain calls, her valiant sons
Will rush in crowds to aid her—
Snatch, snatch your muskets, prime your guns,
And crush the fierce invader!
Whilst every Briton's song shall be,
"O give us death—or victory!"

II.

Long had this favour'd isle enjoy'd
True comforts, past expressing,
When France her hellish arts employ'd
To rob us of each blessing :
These from our hearths by force to tear
(Which long we've learn'd to cherish)
Our frantic foes shall vainly dare ;
We'll keep 'em, or we'll perish—
And every day our song shall be,
“ O give us death—or victory !”

III.

Let France in savage accents sing
Her bloody Revolution ;
We prize our Country, love our King,
Adore our Constitution ;
For these we'll every danger face,
And quit our rustic labours ;
Our ploughs to firelocks shall give place,
Our scythes be changed to sabres ;
And clad in arms, our song shall be,
“ O give us death—or victory !”

IV.

Soon shall the proud invaders learn,
When bent on blood and plunder,
That British bosoms nobly burn
To brave their cannon's thunder :
Low lie those heads, whose wily arts
Have plann'd the world's undoing !
Our vengeful blades shall reach those hearts
Which seek our country's ruin ;
And night and morn our song shall be,
“ O give us death—or victory !”

V.

When, with French blood our fields manured,
The glorious struggle's ended,
We'll sing the dangers we've endured,
The blessings we've defended.
O'er the full bowl our feats we'll tell,
Each gallant deed reciting ;
And weep o'er those who nobly fell
Their Country's battle fighting—
And ever thence our song shall be,
“ 'Tis Valour leads to Victory !”

No. IV.

DECEMBER 4.

We have been favoured with the following Specimen of Jacobin Poetry, which we give to the world without any comment or imitation. We are informed (we know not how truly) that it will be sung at the Meeting of the Friends of Freedom; an account of which is anticipated in our present Paper.

LA SAINTE GUILLOTINE.

A NEW SONG.

ATTEMPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

TUNE, "O'er the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France."

I.

FROM the blood-bedew'd vallies and mountains of France,
See the Genius of Gallic invasion advance!
Old Ocean shall waft her, unruffled by storm,
While our shores are all lined with the *Friends of Reform*.*

* See Proclamation of the Directory.

Confiscation and Murder attend in her train,
 With meek-eyed Sedition, the daughter of Paine ;*
 While her sportive *Poissardes*, with light footsteps are seen,
 To dance in a ring round the gay *Guillotine*.†

II.

To London, “ the rich, the defenceless,” ‡ she comes—
 Hark ! my boys, to the sound of the Jacobin drums !
 See Corruption, Prescription, and Privilege fly,
 Pierced through by the glance of her blood-darting eye.
 While patriots, from prison and prejudice freed,
 In soft accents shall lisp the Republican Creed,
 And with tri-colour’d fillets, and cravats of green,
 Shall crowd round the altar of *Saint Guillotine*.

III.

See the level of Freedom sweeps over the land—
 The vile Aristocracy’s doom is at hand !
 Not a seat shall be left in a House *that we know*,
 But for *Earl Buonaparte* and *Baron Moreau*.—

* The “ *too long calumniated* author of the Rights of Man.” See a Sir Something Burdet’s speech at the Shakspeare, as referred to in the Courier of November 30.

† The Guillotine at Arras was, as is well known to every Jacobin, painted “ *Couleur de Rose*.”

‡ See *Weekly Examiner*, No. II. Extract from the Courier.

But the rights of the Commons shall still be respected,
Buonaparte himself shall approve the elected ;
And the Speaker shall march with majestical mien,
And make his three bows to the grave *Guillotine*.

IV.

Two heads, says the proverb, are better than one,
But the Jacobin choice is for Five Heads or none.
By Directories only can Liberty thrive ;
Then down with the ONE, Boys ! and up with the FIVE !
How our bishops and judges will stare with amazement,
When their heads are thrust out at the *National Casement* !*
When the *National Razor** has shaved them quite clean,
What a handsome oblation to *Saint Guillotine* !

* *La petite Fenêtre*, and *la Razoire Nationale*, fondling expressions applied to the Guillotine by the Jacobins in France, and their pupils here.

No. V.

December 11.

WE have already hinted at the principle by which the followers of the Jacobinical Sect are restrained from the exercise of their own favourite virtue of Charity. The force of this prohibition, and the strictness with which it is observed, are strongly exemplified in the following poem. It is the production of the same Author, whose happy effort in English Sapphics we presumed to imitate; the present effusion is in Dactyls, and equally subject to the laws of Latin Prosody.

 THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Wēaryŷ wāy-wāndērēr, lānguīd ānd sīck āt hēart,
 Trāvēllīng pāinfūlly ōvēr thē rūggēd roād,
 Wild vīsāg'd wāndērēr—āh fōr thȳ hēavȳ chānce.

We think that we see him fumbling in the pocket of his blue pantaloons; that the splendid shilling is about to make its appear-

ance, and glad the heart of the poor sufferer.—But no such thing—the Bard very calmly contemplates her situation, which he describes in a pair of very pathetic stanzas; and after the following well-imagined topic of consolation, concludes by leaving her to Providence.

Thy husband will never return from the war again;
Cold is thy hopeless heart, *even as Charity*,
Cold are thy famished babes—*God help thee*, widow'd one!

We conceived that it would be necessary to follow up this general rule with the particular exception, and to point out one of those cases in which the embargo upon Jacobin Bounty is sometimes suspended. with this view we have subjoined the poem of

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

DACTYLICS.

COME, little Drummer Boy, lay down your knapsack here:
I am the Soldier's Friend—here are some books for you;
Nice clever books by Tom Paine, the philanthropist.

Here's half-a-crown for you—here are some handbills too—
Go to the Barracks, and give all the Soldiers some :
Tell them the Sailors are all in a Mutiny.

*[Exit Drummer Boy, with handbills, and half-a-crown.—
Manet Soldier's Friend.]*

Liberty's friends thus all learn to amalgamate,
Freedom's volcanic explosion prepares itself,
Despots shall bow to the Fasces of Liberty,
Reason, philosophy, "fiddledum, diddledum,"
Peace and Fraternity, higgledy, piggedy,
Higgledy, piggedy, "fiddledum, diddledum."
Et cætera, et cætera, et cætera.

SONNET TO LIBERTY.

JUST Guardian of man's social bliss ! for thee
The paths of danger gladly would I tread :
For thee ! contented, join the glorious dead,
Who nobly scorn'd a life that was not free !

But worse than death it pains my soul, to see
The Lord of Ruin, by wild Uproar led,
Hell's first-born, ANARCHY, exalt his head,
And seize thy throne, and bid us bow the knee !

What though his iron sceptre, blood-imbrued,
Crush half the nations with resistless might ;
Never shall this firm spirit be subdued :
In chains, in exile, still the chanted rite,
O LIBERTY ! to thee shall be renew'd :
O still be sea-girt ALBION thy delight !

D.

No. VI.

December 18.

WE cannot enough congratulate ourselves, on having been so fortunate as to fall upon the curious specimens of classical metre and correct sentiment, which we have made the subjects of our late Jacobinical Imitations.

The fashion of admiring and imitating these productions has spread in a surprising degree. Even those who sympathize with the principles of the writer selected as our model, seem to have been struck with the ridicule of his poetry.

There appeared in the Morning Chronicle of Monday, a *Sapphic Ode*, apparently written by a friend and associate of our Author, in which he is, however, travestied most unmercifully. And to make the joke the more pointed, the learned and judicious Editor contrived to print the Ode *en masse*, without any order of lines, or division of stanza; so that it was not discovered to be *verse* till the next day, when it was explained in a hobbling *erratum*.

We hardly know which to consider as the greater object of compassion in this case—the original *Odist*, thus parodied by his friend, or the mortified *Parodist*, thus mutilated by his Printer. “*Et tu Brute!*” has probably been echoed from each of these worthies to his murderer, in a tone that might melt the hardest heart to pity.

We cordially wish them joy of each other, and we resign the modern *Lesbian lyre* into their hands without envy or repining.

Our Author's DACTYLICS have produced a second imitation (conveyed to us from an unknown hand), with which we take our leave of this species of poetry also.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

DACTYLICS.

“ Weāry wāy-wāndērēr, &c. &c.

IMITATION.

DACTYLICS.

*Being the Quintessence of all the Dactyls that ever were, or ever
will be written.*

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ABOVE.

WEARISOME Sonneteer, feeble and querulous,
Painfully dragging out thy demo-cratic lays—
Moon-stricken Sonneteer, “ ah ! for thy heavy chance !”

E

Sorely thy Dactyls lag on uneven feet :
 Slow is the syllable which thou would'st urge to speed,
 Lame and o'erburthen'd, and " screaming its wretchedness !"

† * * * * * * * *

Ne'er talk of ears again ! look at thy spelling-book ;
 Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy quantities—
 DACTYLS, call'st thou 'em ?—" God help thee, silly one !"



The Verses which we here present to the Public, were written immediately after the Revolution of the Fourth of September. We should be much obliged to any of our Classical and Loyal Correspondents, for an English Translation of them.

IPSÆ mali Hortatrix scelerumque uberrima Mater
 In se prima suos vertit lymphata furores,
 Luctaturque diu secum, et conatibus ægris
 Fessa cadit, proprioque jacet labefacta veneno.

† My worthy friend, the Bellman, had promised to supply an additional stanza ; but the business of assisting the Lamplighter, Chimney-sweeper, &c. with Complimentary Verses for their worthy Masters and Mistresses, pressing on him at this season, he was obliged to decline it.

Mox tamen ipsius rursúm violentia morbi
Erigit ardentem furiis, ultróque minantem
Spargere bella procul, vastæque incendia cladis,
Civilesque agitare faces, totumque per orbem
Sceptra super Regum et Populorum subdita colla
Ferre pedem, et sanctas Regnorum evertere sedes.

Aspicias! Ipsa sui bacchatur sanguine Regis,
Barbaraque ostentans feralis signa triumphi,
Mole giganteâ campis prorumpit apertis,
Successu scelerum, atque insanis viribus audax.

At quâ Pestis atrox rapido se turbine vertit,
Cernis ibi, priscâ morum compage solutâ,
Procubuisse solo civilis fœdera vitæ,
Et quodcunque Fides, quodcunque habet alma verendi
Religio, Pietasque et Legum fræna sacrarum.

Nec spes Pacis adhúc—necdum exsaturata rapinis
Efferat Bellatrix, fusove expleta cruore.
Crescit inextinctus Furor, atque exæstuat ingens
Ambitio, immanisque irâ Vindicta renatâ
Reliquias Soliorum et adhuc restantia Regna
Flagitat excidio, prædæque incumbit opimæ.

Una etenim in mediis Gens intemerata ruinis
Libertate probâ, et justo libramine rerum,
Securum faustis degit sub legibus ævum ;
Antiquosque colit mores, et jura Parentum
Ordine firma suo, sanoque intacta vigore,
Servat adhuc, hominumque fidem, curamque Deorum.
Eheu ! quanta odiis avidoque alimenta furori !
Quanta profanatas inter spoliabitur aras
Victima ! si quando versis Victoria fatis
Annuerit scelus extremum, terrâque subactâ
Impius Oceani sceptrum fædaverit Hostis !

No. VII.

DECEMBER 25.

We have been favoured with a Translation of the Latin Verses inserted in our last Number. We have little doubt that our Readers will agree with us, in hoping that this may not be the last contribution which we shall receive from the same hand.

PARENT of countless crimes, in headlong rage,
War with herself see frantic Gallia wage,
Till worn and wasted by intestine strife,
She falls—her languid pulse scarce quick with life.
But soon she feels through every trembling vein,
New strength collected from convulsive pain :
Onward she moves, and sounds the dire alarm,
And bids insulted nations haste to arm ;
Spreads wide the waste of War, and hurls the brand
Of Civil Discord o'er each troubled land,
While Desolation marks her furious course,
And thrones, subverted, bow beneath her force.

Behold ! she pours her Monarch's guiltless blood,
And quaffs, with savage joy, the crimson flood ;

Then, proud the deadly trophies to display
Of her foul crime, resistless bursts away,
Unaw'd by justice, unappall'd by fear,
And runs with giant strength her mad career.

Where'er her banners float in barbarous pride,
Where'er her conquest rolls its sanguine tide,
There, the fair fabric of establish'd law,
There social order, and religious awe,
Sink in the general wreck ; indignant there
Honour and Virtue fly the tainted air ;
Fly the mild duties of domestic life
That cheer the parent, that endear the wife,
The lingering pangs of kindred grief assuage,
Or soothe the sorrows of declining age.—

Nor yet can Hope presage the auspicious hour,
When Peace shall check the rage of lawless Power ;
Nor yet the insatiate thirst of blood is o'er,
Nor yet has Rapine ravaged every shore.
Exhaustless Passion feeds the augmented flame,
And wild Ambition mocks the voice of Shame :
Revenge, with haggard look and scowling eyes,
Surveys with horrid joy the expected prize ;

Broods o'er each remnant of monarchic sway,
And dooms to certain death his fancied prey.—

For midst the ruins of each falling state,
ONE FAVOUR'D NATION braves the general fate,
One favour'd nation, whose impartial laws
Of sober Freedom vindicate the cause ;
Her simple manners, midst surrounding crimes,
Proclaim the genuine worth of ancient times .
True to herself, unconquerably bold,
The Rights her valour gain'd she dares uphold ;
Still with pure faith her promise dares fulfil,
Still bows submissive to the Almighty Will.—

Just Heav'n ! how Envy kindles at the sight !
How mad Ambition plans the desperate fight !
With what new fury Vengeance hastes to pour
Her tribes of rapine from yon crowded shore !
Just Heav'n ! how fair a victim at the shrine
Of injured Freedom shall her life resign,
If e'er, propitious to the vows of hate,
Unsteady Conquest stamp our mournful fate ;
If e'er proud France usurp our ancient reign,
And ride triumphant o'er the insulted main !

* * * * *

Far hence the unmanly thought—The voice of Fame
Wafts o'er the applauding deep her Duncan's name.
What though the Conqueror of the Italian plains
Deem nothing gain'd, while this fair Isle remains,
Though his young breast with rash presumption glow,
He braves the vengeance of no vulgar foe :
Conqueror no more, full soon his laurel'd pride
Shall perish—whelm'd in Ocean's angry tide ;
His broken bands shall rue the fatal day,
And scatter'd fleets proclaim BRITANNIA's sway !

No. VIII.

JANUARY 1, 1798.

A Correspondent has adapted the beautiful poem of the BATTLE of SABLA, in "Carlyle's Specimens of Arabian Poetry," to the circumstances of the present moment. We shall always be happy to see the poetry of other times and nations so successfully engaged in the service of our Country, and of the present Order of Society.

THE CHOICE.

FROM THE BATTLE OF SABLA, IN CARLYLE'S SPECIMENS OF
ARABIAN POETRY.

I.

H_AST thou not seen the insulting foe
In fancied triumphs crown'd?
And heard their frantic rulers throw
These empty threats around?
" Make now YOUR CHOICE ! The terms we give,
" Desponding Britons, hear !
" These fetters on your hands receive,
" Or in your hearts the spear."

F

Can we forget our old renown ;
Resign the empire of the sea ;
And yield at once our Sovereign's crown,
Our ancient Laws and Liberty ?

Shall thus the fierce Destroyer's hand
Pass unresisted o'er our Native Land ?
Our Country sink, to barb'rous force a prey,
And *ransom'd* England bow to Gallic sway ?

II.

“ Is then the contest o'er ? ” we cried,
“ And lie we at your feet ?
“ And dare you vauntingly decide
“ The fortune we shall meet ?
“ A brighter day we soon shall see,
“ No more the prospect lours ;
“ And Conquest, Peace, and Liberty,
“ Shall gild our future hours.”

Yes ! we will guard our old renown ;
Assert our empire of the sea ;
And keep untouch'd our Sovereign's crown,
Our ancient Laws and Liberty.

Not thus the fierce Destroyer's hand
Shall scatter ruin o'er this smiling land ;
No barb'rous force shall here divide its prey,
Nor *ransom'd* England bow to Gallic sway.

III.

The Foe advance. In firm array
We'll rush o'er Albion's sands—
Till the red sabre marks our way
Amid their yielding bands !
Then, as they lie in Death's cold grasp,
We'll cry, " OUR CHOICE IS MADE !
" These hands the sabre's hilt shall clasp,
" Your hearts shall feel the blade."

Thus Britons guard their ancient fame,
Assert their empire o'er the sea,
And to the envying world proclaim,
One Nation still is brave and free !—

Resolved to conquer or to die,
True to their KING, their LAWS, their LIBERTY :
No barb'rous foe here finds an easy prey—
Un-ransom'd England spurns all foreign sway.

The following Poem has been transmitted to us, without preface or introduction, by a gentleman of the name of IRELAND. We apprehend, from the peculiarities of the style, that it must be the production of a remote period. We are likewise inclined to imagine, that it may contain allusions to some former event in English history. What that event may have been, we must submit to the better judgment and superior information of our Readers; from whom we impatiently expect a solution of this interesting question. The Editor has been influenced solely by a sense of its poetical merit.

THE DUKE AND THE TAXING-MAN.

WHILOME there lived in fair Englonde
A Duke of peerless wealth,
And mickle care he took of her
Old Constitution's health.

Full fifty thousand pounds and more
To him his vassals paid,
But ne to King, ne Countree, he
Would yield the assessment made.

The Taxing-man, with grim visage
Came pricking on the way,
The Taxing-man, with wrothful words,
Thus to the Duke did say:

“ Lord Duke, Lord Duke, thou’st hid from me,
“ As sure as I’m alive,
“ Of goodly palfreys *seventeen*,
“ Of varlets *twenty-five*.”

Then out he drew his gray goose quill,
Ydipp’d in ink so black,
And sorely to SURCHARGE the Duke,
I trowe, he was ne slack.

Then ’gan the Duke to looken pale,
And stared as astound,
*Twaie coneynge Clerks, eftsoons he spies
Sitting their board around.

“ O woe is me,” then cried the Duke,
“ Ne mortal wight but errs !
“ I’ll hie to yon twaie coneynge Clerks,
“ Yclept Commissioners.”

The Duke he hied him to the board,
And straught ’gan for to say,

* *Twaie coneynge Clerks*.—*Coneynge* is the participle of the verb to *ken* or *know*. It by no means imports what we now denominate a *knowing one* : on the contrary, *twaie coneynge clerks* means *two intelligent and disinterested clergymen*.

“* A seely wight I am, God wot,
“ Ne ken I the right way.

“ These varlets twenty-five were ne’er
“ *Liveried in white and red*;
“ Withouten this, what signifie
“ Wages, and board, and bed?

“ And by Saint George, that stout horseman,
“ My palfreys *seventeen*,
“ For two years, or perchance for three,
“ I had forgotten clean.”

“ Naie,” quoth the Clerk, “ both horse and foot
“ To hide was thine intent,
“ Ne seely wight be ye, but did
“ With good advisament. †

* *Seely* is evidently the original of the modern word *silly*.—A *seely wight*, however, by no means imports what is now called a *silly fellow*, but means a man of simplicity of character, devoid of all *vanity*, and of any strange ill-conducted ambition, which, if successful, would immediately be fatal to the man who indulged it.

† *Good advisament* means—*cool consideration*.

“ Surcharge, surcharge, good Taxing-man,
“ Anon our seals we fix,
“ Of sterling pounds, Lord Duke, you pay
“ Three hundred thirty-six.”

EPIGRAM

ON THE PARIS LOAN,

CALLED

THE LOAN UPON ENGLAND.

THE Paris cits, a patriotic band,
Advance their cash on British freehold land :
But let the speculating rogues beware—
They’ve bought the *skin*, but who’s to kill *the bear* ?

No. IX.

January 8.

ODE TO ANARCHY.

BY A JACOBIN.

BEING AN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE XXV. BOOK I.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium !

GODDESS, whose dire terrific power
Spreads, from thy much-loved Gallia's plains,
Where'er her blood-stain'd ensigns lower,
Where'er fell Rapine stalks, or barb'rous Discord reigns !

Thou, who canst lift to fortune's height
The wretch by truth and virtue scorn'd,
And crush, with insolent delight,
All whom true merit raised, or noble birth adorn'd !

Thee, oft the murd'rous band implores,
Swift-darting on its hapless prey :
Thee, wafted from fierce Afric's shores,
The Corsair chief invokes to speed him on his way.

Thee, the wild Indian tribes revere ;
Thy charms the roving Arab owns ;
Thee, kings, thee, tranquil nations fear,
The bane of social bliss, the foe to peaceful thrones

For, soon as thy loud trumpet calls
To deadly rage, to fierce alarms,
Just Order's goodly fabric falls,
Whilst the mad people cries, " to arms ! to arms !"

With thee Proscription, child of strife,
With death's choice implements, is seen,
Her murd'rer's gun, assassin's knife,
And, " last, not least in love," her darling *Guillotine*.

Fond hope is thine,—the hope of spoil,
And faith,—such faith as ruffians keep :
They prosper thy destructive toil,
That makes the widow mourn, the helpless orphan weep.

Then false and hollow friends retire,
Nor yield one sigh to soothe despair ;
Whilst crowds triumphant Vice admire,
Whilst harlots shine in robes that deck'd the great and fair.

Guard our famed chief to Britain's strand !
Britain, our last, our deadliest foe :
Oh, guard his brave associate band !
A band to slaughter train'd, and " nursed in scenes of woe."

What shame, alas ! one little Isle
Should dare its native laws maintain ?
At Gallia's threats serenely smile,
And, scorning her dread power, triumphant rule the main !

For this have guiltless victims died
In crowds at thy ensanguined shrine !
For this has recreant Gallia's pride
O'erturn'd religion's fanes, and braved the wrath divine !

What throne, what altar, have we spared
To spread thy power, thy joys impart ?
Ah then, our faithful toils reward !
And let each falchion pierce some loyal Briton's heart.

The following SONG is recommended to be sung at all convivial Meetings, convened for the purpose of opposing the Assessed Tax Bill. The Correspondent, who has transmitted it to us, informs us that he has tried it with great success among many of his well-disposed neighbours, who had been at first led to apprehend that the 120th part of their income was too great a sacrifice, for the preservation of the remainder of their property from French Confiscation.

You have heard of Rewbell,
That demon of hell,
And of Barras, his brother Director ;
Of the canting Lepaux,
And that scoundrel Moreau,
Who betray'd his old friend and protector.

Would you know how these friends,
For their own private ends,
Would subvert our religion and throne?—
Do you doubt of their skill
To change laws at their will?—
You shall hear how they treated their own.

'Twas their pleasure to look,
In a little blue book,
At the code of their famed legislation,
That with truth they might say,
In the space of one day,
They had broke every law of the nation.

The first law that they see,
Is "*the press shall be free!*"
The next is "*the trial by jury:*"
Then, "*the people's free choice;*"
Then, "*the members' free voice*"—
When Rewbell exclaim'd in a fury—

" On a method we'll fall
" For infringing them all—
" We'll seize on each printer and member:
" No period so fit
" For a desperate hit,
" As our old bloody month of *September*.

" We'll annul each election
" Which wants our correction,
" And name our own creatures instead.

- “ When once we’ve our will,
“ No blood we will spill,
“ (Let Carnot be knock’d on the head).
- “ To Rochefort we’ll drive
“ Our victims alive,
“ And as soon as on board we have got ’em,
“ Since we destine the ship
“ For no more than one trip,
“ We can just make a hole in the bottom.
- “ By this excellent plan,
“ On the *true Rights of Man*,
“ When we’ve founded our *fifth Revolution*,
“ Though England’s our foe,
“ An army shall go
“ To *improve* HER corrupt Constitution.
- “ We’ll address to the nation
“ A fine proclamation,
“ With offers of friendship so warm—
“ Who can give Buonaparte
“ A welcome so hearty,
“ As the friends of a THOROUGH REFORM?”

No. X.

JANUARY 15.

For the two following poems we are indebted to unknown Correspondents. They could not have reached us at a more seasonable period.—The former, we trust, describes the feelings common to every inhabitant of this country. The second, we know too well, is expressive of the sentiments of our enemies.

L I N E S,

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1797.

Loud howls the storm along the neighbouring shore—
Britain, indignant, hears the frantic roar :
 Her generous sons pour forth on every side,
 Firm in their Country's cause—their Country's pride !
 See wild invasion threats this envied land :
 Swift to defend her, springs each Social Band ;
 Her white rocks echoing to their cheerful cry,
 “ God and our King ! ” — “ England and Victory ! ”

Yes ! happy **B**ritain, on thy tranquil coast
 No trophies mad Philosophy shall boast :

Though thy disloyal sons, a feeble band,
Sound the loud blast of treason through the land :
Scoff at thy dangers with unnatural mirth,
And execrate the soil which gave them birth,
With jaundiced eye thy splendid triumphs view,
And give to FRANCE, the palm to BRITAIN due :
Or,—when loud strains of gratulation ring,
And lowly bending to the ETERNAL KING,
Thy SOVEREIGN bids a nation's praise arise
In grateful incense to the fav'ring skies—
Cast o'er each solemn scene a scornful glance,
And only sigh for ANARCHY and FRANCE.

Yes ! unsupported *Treason's* standard falls,
Sedition vainly on her children calls ;
While cities, cottages, and camps contend,
Their King, their Laws, their Country to defend.

Raise, BRITAIN, raise thy sea-encircled head,
Round the wide world behold thy glory spread ;
Firm as thy guardian oaks thou still shalt stand,
The dread and wonder of each hostile land !
While the dire fiends of discord idly rave,
And, mad with anguish, curse the severing wave.

QUEEN of the OCEAN, lo ! she smiles serene,
'Mid the deep horrors of the dreadful scene ;
With heartfelt piety to Heav'n she turns—
From Heav'n the flame of British courage burns—
She dreads no power but HIS who rules the ball,
At whose " great bidding," empires rise and fall ;
In HIM, on peaceful plain, or tented field
She trusts, secure in HIS protecting shield—
GALLIA, thy threats she scorns—BRITAIN shall never yield !

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

TRANSLATION OF THE NEW SONG
OF THE
“ A R M Y O F E N G L A N D . ”

WRITTEN BY THE CI-DEVANT BISHOP OF AUTUN.

WITH NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Good Republicans all,
The Directory's call
Invites you to visit JOHN BULL;
Oppress'd by the rod
Of a King, and a God,*
The cup of his misery's full.

Old JOHNNY shall see
What makes a man free ;
Not parchments, nor statutes on paper ;

* General Danican, in his Memoirs, tells us, that while he was in command, a felon, who had assumed the name of Brutus, Chief of a Revolutionary tribunal at Rennes, said to his colleagues, on Good Friday, “ Brothers, we must put to death “ this day, at the same hour the Counter-Revolutionist Christ died, that young “ devotee who was lately arrested : ” and this young lady was guillotined accordingly, and her corpse treated with *every possible species of indecent insult*, to the infinite amusement of a vast multitude of spectators.

And stripp'd of his riches,
Great charter, and breeches,
Shall cut a free citizen's caper.

Then away let us over,
To Deal, or to Dover—
We laugh at his talking so big;
He's pamper'd with feeding,
And wants a sound bleeding—
Par Dieu! he shall bleed like a pig!

JOHN, tied to the stake,
A grand baiting will make,
When worried by mastiffs of France;
What Republican fun!
To see his blood run,
As at Lyons, La Vendée, and Nantz.*

* The Reader will find in the works of Peter Porcupine (a spirited and instructive writer), an ample and satisfactory commentary on this and the following stanza. The French themselves inform us, that, by the several modes of destruction here alluded to, upwards of 30,000 persons were butchered at Lyons, and this once magnificent city almost levelled to the ground, by the command of a wretched actor (Collot d'Herbois), whom they had formerly hissed from the stage. From the same authorities we learn, that at Nantz 27,000 persons, of both sexes, were murdered; chiefly by drowning them in plugged boats. The waters of the Loire became putrid, and were forbidden to be drank, by the savages who conducted

When weary with slaughter,
 With JOHN's wife and daughter
 We'll join in a little *chit-chat*.

The shop-keeping hoard,
 The tenant, and lord,
 And the merchants,* are excellent prey :
 At our cannon's first thunder,
Rape, pillage, and plunder,
 The Order shall be of the day.

French fortunes and lives,
 French daughters and wives,
 Have *five honest men* to defend 'em ;
 And Barras and Co.
 When to England we go,
 Will kindly take JOHN's *in commendam*.

* At Lyons, Jabogues, the *second* murderer (the actor being the *first*), in his speech to the Democratic Society, used these words—" Down with the edifices " raised for the profit or the pleasure of the rich ; down with them ALL. COMMERCE and ARTS are useless to a warlike people, and are the destruction of that " SUBLIME EQUALITY which France is determined to spread over the globe."

Such are the consequences of RADICAL REFORM !!! Let any merchant, farmer, or landlord : let any husband or father consider this, and then say, "*Shall we or shall we not contribute a moderate sum, IN PROPORTION TO OUR ANNUAL EXPENDITURE, for the purpose of preserving ourselves from the fate of Lyons, La Vendée, and Nantz.*"

STYPTIC.

No. XI.

JANUARY 22.

*We have said in another part of our Paper of this day, "that though we shall never
"begin an attack, we shall always be prompt to repel it."*

*On this principle, we could not pass over in silence, the Epistle to the Editors of the
Anti-Jacobin, which appeared in the Morning Chronicle of Wednesday, and from
which we have fortunately been furnished with a Motto for this day's Paper.*

*We assure the Author of the Epistle, that the Answer which we have here the honour
to address to him, contains our genuine and undisguised sentiments upon the merits
of the poem.*

*Our conjectures respecting the authors and abettors of this performance may possibly
be as vague and unfounded as theirs are with regard to the Editors of the Anti-
Jacobin. We are sorry that we cannot satisfy their curiosity upon this subject—
but we have little anxiety for the gratification of our own.*

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE EPISTLE TO THE EDITORS

OF THE

ANTI-JACOBIN.*

Nostrorum sermonum candide judex !

BARD of the borrow'd lyre ! to whom belong

The shreds and remnants of each hackney'd song ;

* It is hardly to be expected, that the character of the Epistle should be taken
on trust from the Editors of this Volume : it is thought best, therefore, to subjoin
the whole performance as it originally appeared : a mode of hostility obviously the

Whose verse thy friends in vain for wit explore,
And count but *one good line* in eighty-four!

most fair, and in respect to the combatants in the cause of Jacobinism, by much the most effectual. They are always best opposed by the arms which they themselves furnish. Jacobinism shines by its own light.

To the respectable names which the author of the following Address has thought proper to connect with the "ANTI-JACOBIN," no apology is made for thus preserving this otherwise perishable specimen of dullness and defamation. He who has been reviled by the enemies of the "ANTI-JACOBIN," must feel that principles are attributed to him, of which he need not be ashamed: and when the abuse is conveyed in such a strain of feebleness and folly, he must see that those principles excite animosity only in quarters of which he need not be afraid.

It is only necessary to add, what is most conscientiously the truth, that this production, such as it is, is *by far the best* of all the attacks that the combined wits of the cause have been able to muster against the "ANTI-JACOBIN."

EPISTLE

TO THE

EDITORS OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

Hic Niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto!

To tell what gen'ral's did or statesmen spoke,
To teach the world by truths, or please by joke;
To make mankind grow bold as they peruse,
Judge on existing things, and—weigh the news;
For this a PAPER first display'd its page,
Commanding tears and smiles through ev'ry age!

Whoe'er thou art, all hail! thy bitter smile
Gilds our dull page, and cheers our humble toil!

Hail, justly famous! who in modern days
With nobler flight aspire to higher praise;
Hail, justly famous! whose discerning eyes
At once detect **MISTAKES, MIS-STATEMENTS, LIES**;
Hail, justly famous! who, with fancy blest,
Use fiend-like virulence for sportive jest;
Who only bark to serve your private ends—
Patrons of Prejudice, Corruption's friends!
Who hurl your venom'd darts at well-earn'd fame—
Virtue your hate, and Calumny your aim!

Whoe'er ye are, all hail!—whether the skill
Of youthful C—nn—g guides the ranc'rous quill,
With powers mechanic far above his age
Adapts the paragraph and fills the page,
Measures the column, mends whate'er's amiss,
Rejects **THAT** letter, and accepts of **THIS**;
Or H—mm—d, leaving his official toil,
O'er this great work consume the midnight oil—
Bills, passports, letters, for the Muses quit,
And change dull business for amusing wit:—
His life of labour at one gasp is o'er,
His books forgot—his desk beloved no more!
Proceed to prop the Ministerial cause;
See consequential M—rp—th nods applause;
In ev'ry fair one's ear at balls and plays
The gentle Gr—nv—le L—v—s—n whispers praise:—
Well-judging Patrons, whom such works can please;
Great works, well worthy Patrons such as these!

For *yet*—though firm and fearless in the cause
Of pure religion, liberty, and laws,—

Who heard not, raptur'd, the poetic Sage
Who sung of Gallia in a headlong rage,
And blandly drew, with no uncourtly grace,
The simple manners of our English race—
Extoll'd great Duncan, and, supremely brave,
Whelm'd Buonaparte's pride beneath the wave?
I swear by all the youths that M—lm—sb—ry chose,
By Ell—s' sapient prominence of nose,
By M—rp—th's gait important, proud and big—
By L—s—n G—w'r's crop-imitating wig,
That, could the pow'rs which in those numbers shine,
Could that warm spirit animate my line,
Your glorious deeds which humbly I rehearse—
Your deeds should live immortal as my verse;
And, while they wonder'd whence I caught my flame,
Your sons should blush to read their father's shame!

Proceed, great men!—your office is not done;
Proceed with what you have so well begun:
Load Fox (if you by Pitt would be preferr'd)
With ev'ry guilt that Kenyon ever heard—
Adult'rer, gamester, drunkard, cheat, and knave,
A factious demagogue, and pension'd slave!
Loose, loose your cry—with ire satiric flash;
Let all the Opposition feel your lash;
And prove them to these and partial times
A combination of the worst of crimes!

Though truth approved, though fav'ring virtue smiled,
Some doubts remain'd :—we *yet* were unreviled.

Thanks to thy zeal! those doubts at length are o'er!
Thy suffrage crowns our wish!—we ask no more

But softer numbers softer subjects fit :—
In liquid phrases thrill the praise of Pitt;
Extol in eulogies of candid truth
The Virgin Minister—the Heav'n-born Youth;
The greatest gift that fate to England gave,
Created to support, and born to save;
Prompt to supply whate'er his country lacks—
Skillful to GAG, and knowing how to TAX!
With him companions meet in order stand—
A firm, compact, and well-appointed band:
Skill'd to advance or to retreat Dundas,
And bear thick battle on his front of brass;
Grenville with pond'rous head, which match'd we find
By equal ponderosity behind——

But hold, my Muse; nor farther these pursue!—
Great Editors, we have digress'd from you;
From you, to whom our trivial lays belong,
From you, the sole inspirers of our song!
Proceed :—urge on the same vindictive strain,
To gain the applauses of great M—lm—sb—ry's train;
With jaundiced eyes the noblest patriot scan;
Proceed—be more opprobrious if you can;
Proceed—be more abusive ev'ry hour;—
To be more stupid is beyond your power.

To stamp with sterling worth each honest line,
Than censure, clothed in vapid verse like thine!

But say—in full blown honours dost thou sit
'Midst Brooks's *elders* on the bench of wit,
Where H—re, chief-justice, frames the stern decree,
While, with their learned brother, sages three,
F—tzip—tr—k, T—wnsh—d, Sh—r—d—n, agree?

Or art thou one—THE PARTY'S flatter'd fool,
Train'd in Debrett's, or Ridgeway's civic school—
One, who with rant and nonsense daily wears,
Well-natured R—ch—rds—n! thy patient ears;—
Who sees nor taste nor genius in these times,
Save P—r's *buzz* prose,* and C—rt—ny's kidnapp'd rhymes?†

* **Buzz PROSE.**—The learned reader will perceive that this is an elegant *metonymy*, by which the quality belonging to the outside of the head is transferred to the inside. *Buzz* is an epithet usually applied to a large wig. It is here used for swelling, burly, bombastic writing.

There is a picture of Hogarth's (the Election Ball, we believe), in which, among a number of hats thrown together in one corner of the room, there is not one, of which you cannot to a certainty point out the owner among the figures dancing, or otherwise distributed through the picture.

We remember to have seen an experiment of this kind tried at one of the Universities with the *wig* and *writings* here alluded to. A page taken from the most happy and elaborate part of the writings, was laid upon a table in a barber's shop, round which a number of wigs of different descriptions and dimensions were

Or is it he,—the youth, whose daring soul
With *half a mission* sought the Frozen Pole ;—

suspended, and among them that of the Author of the writings. It was required of a young student, after reading a few sentences in the page, to point out among the wigs, that which must of necessity belong to the head in which such sentences had been engendered. The experiment succeeded to a miracle.—The learned reader will now see all the beauty and propriety of the *metonymy*.

† KIDNAPP'D RHIMES.—Kidnapp'd, implies something more than *stolen*. It is, according to an expression of Mr. Sheridan's (in the Critic), *using other people's "thoughts as gipsies do stolen children—disfiguring them, to make them pass for their "own."*

This is a serious charge against an Author, and ought to be well supported. To the proof then !

In an Ode of the late Lord Nugent's are the following spirited lines :

" Though Cato liv'd—though Tully spoke—
" Though Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,
" Yet perish'd fated Rome !



The Author abovementioned, saw these lines, and liked them—as well he might : and as he had a mind to write about Rome himself, he did not scruple to enlist them into his service ; but he thought it right to make a small alteration in their appearance, which he managed thus—Speaking of Rome, he says it is the place

" *Where* Cato liv'd"—

A sober truth : which gets rid at once of all the poetry and spirit of the original, and reduces the sentiment from an example of manners, virtue, patriotism, from the *vita exemplar dedit* of Lord Nugent, to a mere question of inhabitancy. *Ubi habitavit Cato*—where he was an inhabitant-householder, paying scot and lot, and

And then, returning from the unfinish'd work,
 Wrote *half a letter*,—to demolish Burke?
 Studied Burke's manner,—aped his forms of speech;—
 Though when he strives his metaphors to reach,
 One luckless slip his meaning overstrains,
 And loads the blunderbuss with B—df—d's brains.*

had a house on the right-hand side of the way, as you go down Esquiline Hill, just opposite to the poulterer's—But to proceed—

“ *Where* Cato liv'd; *where* Tully spoke,
 “ *Where* Brutus dealt the godlike stroke—
 ————“ *By which his glory rose!!!*”

The last line is *not* borrowed.

We question whether the History of modern Literature can produce an instance of a theft so shameless, and turned to so little advantage.

* *And loads the blunderbuss with B—df—d's brains.*—This line is wholly unintelligible without a note; and we are afraid the note will be wholly incredible, unless the reader can fortunately procure the book to which it refers.

In the “Part of a Letter,” which was published by Mr. Robert Ad—r, in answer to Mr. Burke's “Letter to the D. of B.” nothing is so remarkable as the studious imitation of Mr. Burke's *style*.

His vehemence, and his passion, and his irony, his wild imagery, his far-sought illustrations, his rolling and lengthened periods, and the short quick-pointed sentences in which he often condenses as much wisdom and wit as others would expand through pages, or through volumes—all these are carefully kept in view by his opponent, though not always very artificially copied or applied.

But imitators are liable to be led strangely astray: and never was there an instance of a more complete mistake of a plain meaning, than that which this line

Whoe'er thou art—ne'er may thy patriot fire,
 Unfed by praise or patronage, expire !
 Forbid it, Taste !—with compensation large
 Patrician hands thy labours shall o'ercharge ! *
 B—df—rd and Wh—tbr—d shall vast sums advance,
 The *Land* and *Malt* of Jacobin Finance !

Whoe'er thou art !—before thy feet we lay,
 With lowly suit, our Number of to-day !

is intended to illustrate—a mistake no less than of a *coffin* for a *corpse*. This is hard to believe, or to comprehend—but you shall hear.

Mr. Burke, in one of his publications, had talked of the French “*unplumbing* the dead in order to destroy the living,”—by which he intended, without doubt, not metaphorically, but literally, “*stripping the dead of their leaden coffins, and then making them (not the DEAD, but the COFFINS) into bullets.*”—A circumstance perfectly notorious at the time the book was written.

But this does not satisfy our Author. He determines to retort Mr. Burke's own words upon him ; and unfortunately “*reaching at a metaphor,*” where Mr. Burke only intended a fact, he falls into the little mistake abovementioned, and by a stroke of his pen, transmutes the illustrious Head of the house of Russell into a metal, to which it is not for us to say how near, or how remote his affinity may possibly have been.—He writes thus—“*If Mr. Burke had been content with ‘unplumbing’ a dead Russell, and hewing HIM (observe—not the coffin, but HIM—the old dead Russell himself) into grape and canister, to sweep down the whole generation of his descendants,*” &c. &c. &c.

The thing is scarcely credible : but it is so ! We write with the book open before us.

* Qu.—Surcharge ?

Spurn not our offering with averted eyes !
Let thy pure breath revive the extinguish'd *Lies !*
Mistakes, Mis-statements, now so oft o'erthrown,
Rebuild, and prop with nonsense of thy own !
Pervert our meaning, and misquote our text—
And *furnish us a motto for the next !*

IF on your head * some vengeance fell,
M—ra, for every tale you tell,
The listening Lords to cozen ;
If but one whisker lost its hue,
Changed (like Moll Coggin's tail) to blue,
I'd hear them by the dozen.

HORACE. ODE VIII. BOOK II.

* *Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pana, Barine, nocuisset unquam ;
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior ungui,
Crederem. † Sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura.*

More stiff your boots, more black your stock,
 Your hat assumes a prouder cock,
 Like Pistol's (if 'twere bigger.)

Tell then your stories, strange and new,
 Your Father's fame * shall vouch them true ;
 So shall the Dublin Papers :
 Swear by the stars † that saw the sight,
 That infant thousands die each night,
 While troops *blow out their tapers.*

Sh—br—h ‡ shall cheer you with a smile,
 M—cph—rs—n § simpering all the while,
 With B—st—rd § and with Bruin : §
 And fierce N—ch—ll, || who wields at will
 The emphatic stick, or powerful quill,
 To prove his country's ruin.

* *Expedit matris cineres opertos*

Fallere, et toto † taciturna noctis

Signa cum cœlo, gelidâque Divos

Morte carentes.

Ridet hoc, inquam, ‡ Venus ipsa, ridet

Simplices § Nymphæ ; ferus et || Cupido,

Semper ardentes acuens sagittas

Cote cruentâ.

Adde quod pubes tibi crescit omnis

Each day new followers * crowd your board,
 And lean expectants hail my Lord
 With adoration fervent :
 Old Th—rl—w, † though he swore by G—
 No more to own a master's nod,
 Is still your humble servant.

Old P—lt—n—y ‡ too your influence feels,
 And asks from you the Exchequer seals,
 To tax and save the nation :
 T—ke trembles, * * lest your potent charms
 Should lure C—s F—x § from *his* fond arms,
 To YOUR Administration.

* *Servitus crescit nova ; † nec priores
 Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt
 Sæpe minati.*
 Te suis matres metuunt juvenis
 Te ‡ *senes parci, miseræque § nuper
 Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet
 Aura Maritos.*

** The trepidation of Mr. T—ke, though natural, was not necessary ; as it appeared from the ever-memorable “ Letter to Mr. Mac Mahon,” (which was published about this time in the Morning Chronicle, and threw the whole town into paroxysms of laughter) that in the Administration which his Lordship was so gravely employed in forming, Mr. Fox was to have no place !

No. XII.

JANUARY 29.

The following Ode was dropped into the letter-box in our Publisher's window. From its title—"A BIT OF AN ODE TO MR. FOX"—we were led to imagine there was some mistake in the business, and that it was meant to have been conveyed to Mr. Wright's neighbour, Mr. Debrett, whom we recollected to have been the Publisher of the "Half of a Letter" to the same Gentleman, which occasioned so much noise (of horse-laughing) in the world. Our politics certainly do not entitle us to the honourable distinction of being made the channel for communicating such a production to the public. But, for our parts, as we are "not at war with Genius," on whatever side we find it, we are happy to give this Poem the earliest place in our Paper; and shall be equally ready to pay the same attention to any future favours of the same kind, and from the same quarter.

The Poem is a free translation, or rather, perhaps, imitation, of the 20th Ode of the 2d Book of Horace. We have taken the liberty to subjoin the passages of which the parallel is the most striking.

A BIT OF AN ODE TO MR. FOX.

ON* grey goose quills sublime I'll soar,
To metaphors unreach'd before,
That scare the vulgar reader:

* Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar
Pennâ, biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates.

I mount, I mount into the sky,
 “Sweet * bird,” to † Petersburg I’ll fly :
 Or, if you bid, to Paris ;
 Fresh missions of the *Fox* and *Goose*
 Successful treaties may produce ;
 Though Pitt in all miscarries.

Scotch, ‡ English, Irish *Whigs* shall read
 The pamphlets, letters, odes I breed,
 Charm’d with each bright endeavour :
Alarmists § tremble at my strain,
 E’en || Pitt, made candid by champaign,
 Shall hail Ad—r “*the clever*.”

Though criticism assail my name,
 And luckless blunders blot my ¶ fame,
 O! ** make no needless bustle ;

* ————— canorus

Ales, † Hyperboreosque campos.

‡ Me Colchus, et qui § dissimulat metum.

.

. me peritus

Discet Iber, Rhodanique || potor.

Absint ¶ inani funere nœniæ.

** Luctusque turpes, et querimonîæ.

No. XIII.

February '5.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS;

OR,

THE HAPPY UNION.

CELEBRATED AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR TAVERN.

Fox,* with Tooke to grace his side,
 Thus address'd his blooming bride—
 “ Sweet! should I e'er, in power or place,
 “ Another Citizen embrace;
 “ Should e'er my eyes delight to look
 “ On aught alive, save John Horne Tooke,
 “ Doom me to ridicule and ruin,
 “ In the coarse hug† of *Indian Bruin!*”

* Acmen Septimius suos amores
 Tenens in gremio, mea, inquit, Acme,
 Ni te perdit amo, &c.

† Cæsio veniam obuius Leoni.

With this good omen they proceed ;*
 Fond toasts their mutual passion feed ;
 In Fox's breast Horne Tooke prevails
 Before † rich Ireland ** and South Wales ; **
 And Fox (un-read each other book),
 Is Law and Gospel to Horne Tooke.

When were such kindred souls ‡ united !
 Or wedded pair so much delighted ?

* Nunc ab auspicio bono profecti
 Mutuis animis amant, amantur.
 Unam Septimius misellus Acmen
 Mavult quam † Syrias Britanniasque.
 ‡ Quis ullos homines beatiores
 Vidit, quis venerem auspiciorem ?

** *i. e.* The Clerkship of the Pells in Ireland, and Auditorship of South Wales.

Fair was her form, and FREEDOM's honour'd name
Conceal'd the horrors of her secret shame :
She claim'd some kindred with that guardian power,
Long worshipp'd here in Britain's happier hour :
Virtue and Peace, she said, were in her train,
The long-lost blessings of Astræa's reign.—
But soon the vizor dropp'd—her haggard face
Betray'd the Fury lurking in the Grace—
The false attendants that behind her press'd,
In vain disguised, the latent guilt confess'd.
PEACE dropt her snow-white robe, and, shudd'ring, shew'd
AMBITION's mantle reeking fresh with blood ;
Presumptuous FOLLY stood in REASON's form,
Pleased with the power to ruin,—not reform ;
PHILOSOPHY, proud phantom, undismay'd,
With cold regard the ghastly train survey'd ;
Saw PERSECUTION gnash her iron teeth,
While Atheists preach'd the *eternal sleep of death !*
Saw ANARCHY the social chain unbind,
And DISCORD sour the blood of human kind ;
Then talk'd of Nature's Rights, and Equal Sway ;
And saw her system safe—and stalk'd away !

Foil'd by our ARMS, where'er in arms we met,
With ARTS LIKE THESE, the foe assails us yet.

Hopeless the fort to storm, or to surprise,
 More secret wiles his envious malice tries :
 Diseased himself, spreads wide his own despair,
 Pollutes the fount, and taints the wholesome air.

While many a chief, to glory not unknown,
 Alarms each hostile shore, and guards our own,
 'Tis THINE, the latent treachery to proclaim ;
 An humbler warfare, but the cause the same.
 In vain had Pompey crush'd the Pontic host,
 And chased the pirate swarm from every coast ;
 Had not the Civic Consul's watchful eye
 Track'd through the windings of conspiracy,
 The crew that leagued their country to o'erthrow ;
 The base confederates of a Gallic * foe ;
 Exposed, confounded, shamed, and forced away,
 The " JACOBIN REFORMER † of his day."

'Tis THINE a subtler mischief to pursue,
 And drag a deeper, darker, plot to view ;

* *Conjuravere Cives nobilissimi Patriam incendere—Gallorum gentem infestissimam nomini Romano in bellum arcessunt—Dux Hostium cum exercitu supra caput est.—ORAT. CATON. ap. SALLUST.*

† *Tum Catilina polliceri tabulas novas, proscriptionem locupletium, Magistratus, Sacerdotia, rapinas, alia omnia quæ bellum atque lubido Victorum fert.—SALLUST.*

Whate'er its form, still ready to engage,
Detect its malice, or resist its rage :
Whether it whispers low, or raves aloud,
In sneers profane, or blasphemies avow'd ;
Insults its King, reviles its Country's cause,
And, 'scaped from justice, braves the lenient laws :—
Whate'er the hand, in desperate faction bold,
By native hate inspired, or foreign gold ;
Traitors absolved, and libellers released,
The recreant peer, or renegado priest ;
The *Sovereign-people's* cringing, crafty slave,
The dashing fool, and instigating knave,
Each claims thy care ; nor think the labour vain ;
Vermin have sunk the Ship that ruled the Main.

'Tis THINE, with truth's fair shield to ward the blow,
And turn the weapon back upon the foe :
To trace the skulking fraud, the candid cheat,
That can retract the falsehood, yet repeat :
To wake the listless, slumb'ring as they lie,
Lapt in the embrace of soft security ;
To rouse the cold, re-animate the brave,
And shew the cautious ALL THEY HAVE TO SAVE.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE BUST OF

CHARLES FOX,

AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

I'll not sell Uncle Noll, Charles Surface cries;—
 I'll not sell Charley Fox, John Bull replies:
 Sell him, indeed! who'll find me such another?—
 Fox is above all price; so hold your bother.

Morning Post, February 6.

To make our Readers some amends for this miserable doggrel, we will present them, in our turn, with some lines written *under a bust*, NOT *at the Crown and Anchor*, by an English traveller. We believe they are more just; we are certain they are more poetical.

LINES

written by a Traveller at Czarco-Zelo, under the Bust of a certain Orator, once placed between those of Demosthenes and Cicero.

THE Grecian Orator of old,
 With scorn rejected Philip's laws,
 Indignant spurn'd at foreign gold,
 And triumph'd in his country's cause.

No. XV.

February 19.

THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

A DIDACTIC POEM,

IN FORTY CANTOS; WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY;
CHIEFLY OF A PHILOSOPHICAL TENDENCY.

DEDICATED TO R. P. KNIGHT, ESQ.

CANTO FIRST.

CONTENTS.

The Subject proposed.—Doubts and Waverings.—Queries not to be answered.—Formation of the stupendous Whole.—Cosmogony; or the Creation of the World:—the Devil—Man—various Classes of Being:—ANIMATED BEINGS—Birds—Fish—Beasts—the Influence of the Sexual Appetite—on Tigers—on Whales—on Crimpt Cod—on Perch—on Shrimps—on Oysters.—Various Stations assigned to different Animals:—Birds—Bears—Mackarel.—Bears remarkable for their fur—Mackarel cried on a Sunday—Birds do not graze—nor Fishes fly—nor Beasts live in the Water.—Plants equally contented with their lot:—Potatoes—Cabbage—Lettuce—Leeks—Cucumbers.—MAN only discontented—born a Savage; not choosing to continue so becomes polished—resigns his Liberty—Priestcraft—Kingcraft—Tyranny of Laws and Institutions.—Savage Life—description thereof:—The Savage free—roaming Woods—feeds on Hips and Haws—Animal Food—first notion of it from seeing a Tiger tearing his Prey—wonders if it is good—resolves to try—makes a Bow and Arrow—kills a Pig—resolves to roast a part of it—lights a Fire—APOSTROPHE to Fires—Spits and Jacks not yet invented.—Digression.—CORINTH.—SHEFFIELD.—Love the most natural desire after Food.—Savage Courtship.—Concubinage recommended.—Satirical Reflections on Parents and Children—Husbands and Wives—against collateral Consanguinity.—FREEDOM the only Morality, &c. &c. &c.

Whether the joys of earth, the hopes of heaven,
 By Man to God, or God to Man, were given?
 If virtue leads to bliss, or vice to woe? 15
 Who rules above? or who reside below?
 Vain questions all—shall Man presume to know?
 On all these points, and points obscure as these,
 Think they who will,—and think whate'er they please!

Let us a plainer, steadier theme pursue— 20
 Mark the grim savage scoop his light canoe;
 Mark the dark rook, on pendant branches hung,
 With anxious fondness feed her cawing young.—
 Mark the fell leopard, through the desert prowl,
 Fish prey on fish, and fowl regale on fowl;— 25
 How Lybian tigers' chawdrons love assails,
 And warms, midst seas of ice, the melting whales;—
 Cools the crimpt cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
 Shrinks shrivell'd shrimps, but opens oysters' hearts;—

Ver. 14. See Godwin's *Enquirer*; Darwin's *Zoonomia*; Paine; Priestley, &c.
 &c. &c.; also all the French Encyclopedists.

Ver. 16. *Quæstio spinosa et contortula.*

Ver. 26. "Add thereto a tiger's chawdron.—*Macbeth.*

Ver. 26, 27. "In softer notes bids Lybian lions roar,
 "And warms the whale on Zembla's frozen shore."

Progress of Civil Society, Book I. verse 98.

Then say, how all these things together tend **30**

To one great truth, prime object, and good end?

First—to each living thing, whate'er its kind,
Some lot, some part, some station is assign'd.
The feather'd race, with pinions skim the *air*—
Not so the mackarel, and still less the bear : 35
This, roams the *wood*, carniv'rous, for his prey ;
That, with soft roe, pursues his *watery* way :
This, slain by hunters, yields his shaggy hide ;
That, caught by fishers, is on *Sundays* cried.—

But each contented with his humble sphere, 40
Moves unambitious through the circling year ;
Nor e'er forgets the fortune of his race,
Nor pines to quit, or strives to change his place.

Ver. 29. "An oyster may be cross'd in love."—Mr. Sheridan's Critic.

Ver. 34. Birds fly.

Ver. 35. But neither fish nor beasts—particularly as here exemplified.

Ver. 36. The bear.

Ver. 37. The mackarel—there are also *hard-roed* mackarel. *Sed de his alio loco.*

Ver. 38. Bears' *grease*, or *fat*, is also in great request; being supposed to have a *criniparous*, or hair-producing quality.

Vcr. 39. There is a special Act of Parliament which permits mackarel to be
 cried on Sundays.

Ah! who has seen the mailed lobster rise,
 Clap her broad wings, and soaring claim the skies? 45
 When did the owl, descending from her bower,
 Crop, 'midst the fleecy flocks, the tender flower;
 Or the young heifer plunge, with pliant limb,
 In the salt wave, and fish-like strive to swim?

The same with plants—potatoes 'tatoes breed— 50
 Uncostly cabbage springs from cabbage seed;
 Lettuce to lettuce, leeks to leeks succeed;
 Nor e'er did cooling cucumbers presume
 To flower like myrtle, or like violets bloom.
 —Man only,—rash, refined, presumptuous Man, 55
 Starts from his rank, and mars Creation's plan!
 Born the free heir of nature's wide domain,
 To art's strict limits bounds his narrow'd reign;

Ver. 45—49. Every animal contented with the lot which it has drawn in life.
 A fine contrast to man, who is always discontented.

Ver. 49. *Salt wave*—wave of the sea—"briny wave."—Poetæ passim.

Ver. 50. A still stronger contrast, and a greater shame to man, is found in plants;
 —they are contented—he restless and changing. *Mens agitat mihi, nec placidâ
 contenta quiete est.*

Ver. 50. *Potatoes 'tatoes breed.* Elision for the sake of verse, not meant to imply
 that the root degenerates.—Not so with Man—

Mox daturus
 Progeniem vitiosiore.

No. XVI.

February 26.

THE Specimen of the Poem on the "*Progress of Man*," with which we favoured our Readers in our last Number, has occasioned a variety of letters, which we confess have not a little surprised us, from the unfounded, and even contradictory charges they contain. In one, we are accused of malevolence, in bringing back to notice a work that had been quietly consigned to oblivion;—in another, of plagiarism, in copying its most beautiful passages;—in a third, of vanity, in striving to imitate what was in itself inimitable, &c. &c. But why this alarm? has the author of the *Progress of Civil Society* an exclusive patent for fabricating *Didactic* poems? or can we not write against order and government, without incurring the guilt of imitation? We trust we were not so ignorant of the nature of a didactic poem (so called from *didaskein*, to teach, and *poema*, a poem; because it teaches nothing, and is not poetical) even before the *Progress of Civil Society* appeared, but that we were capable of such an undertaking.

We shall only say farther, that we do not intend to proceed regularly with our poem; but having the remaining thirty-nine Cantos by us, shall content ourselves with giving, from time to time, such extracts as may happen to suit our purpose.

Beneath whose gory fangs a leveret bleeds, 70
Or pig—such pig as fertile China breeds.

Struck with the sight, the wond'ring Savage stands,
Rolls his broad eyes, and clasps his lifted hands ;
Then restless roams—and loaths his wonted food ;
Shuns the salubrious stream, and thirsts for blood. 75

By thought matured, and quickened by desire,
New arts, new arms, his wayward wants require.
From the tough yew a slender branch he tears,
With self-taught skill the twisted grass prepares ;
The unfashion'd bow with labouring efforts bends 80
In circling form, and joins the unwilling ends.
Next some tall reed he seeks—with sharp-edged stone
Shapes the fell dart, and points with whiten'd bone.

Then forth he fares. Around in careless play,
Kids, pigs, and lambkins, unsuspecting, stray. 85

Ver. 71. Pigs of the *Chinese* breed most in request.

Ver. 76. First formation of a bow. Introduction to the science of archery.

Ver. 79. Grass twisted, used for a string, owing to the want of other materials
not yet invented.

Ver. 83. Bone—fish's bone found on the sea-shore, sharks' teeth, &c. &c.

With grim delight he views the sportive band,
 Intent on blood, and lifts his murderous hand :
 Twangs the bent bow—resounds the fateful dart,
 Swift-wing'd, and trembles in a porker's heart.

Ah ! hapless porker ! what can now avail 90
 Thy back's stiff bristles, or thy curly tail ?
 Ah ! what avail those eyes so small and round,
 Long pendent ears, and snout that loves the ground ?

Not unrevenged thou diest !—In after times
 From thy spilt blood shall spring unnumber'd crimes. 95
 Soon shall the slaught'rous arms that wrought thy woe,
 Improved by malice, deal a deadlier blow ;
 When *social* Man shall pant for nobler game,
 And 'gainst his fellow man the vengeful weapon aim.

As love, as gold, as jealousy inspires, 100
 As wrathful hate, or wild ambition fires,

Ver. 90. Ah ! what avails, &c.—See Pope's Description of the Death of a Pheasant.

Ver. 93. “ With leaden eye that loves the ground.”

Ver. 94. The first effusion of blood attended with the most dreadful consequences to mankind.

Ver. 97. *Social* Man's wickedness opposed to the simplicity of savage life.

Ver. 100 and 101. Different causes of war among men.

Urged by the statesman's craft, the tyrant's rage,
Embattled nations endless wars shall wage,
Vast seas of blood the ravaged field shall stain,
And millions perish—that a *King* may reign ! 105

For blood once shed, new wants and wishes rise ;
Each rising want invention quick supplies.
To roast his victuals is Man's next desire,
So two dry sticks he rubs, and lights a fire.
Hail fire ! &c. &c.

Ver. 106. Invention of fire—first employed in cookery, and produced by rubbing dry sticks together.

No. XVII.

MARCH 5.

We are obliged to a learned Correspondent for the following ingenious imitation of BION.—We will not shock the eyes of our Fair Readers with the original Greek, but the following Argument will give them some idea of the nature of the Poem here imitated.

ARGUMENT.

Venus is represented as bringing to the Poet, while sleeping, her son Cupid, with a request that he would teach him Pastoral Poetry—Bion complies, and endeavours to teach him the rise and progress of that art :—Cupid laughs at his instructions, and in his turn teaches his master the Loves of Men and Gods, the Wiles of his Mother, &c.—Pleased with his lessons, says Bion, I forgot what I lately taught Cupid, and recollect in its stead, only what Cupid taught me.

IMITATION, &c.

WRITTEN AT SAINT ANN'S HILL

SCARCE had sleep my eyes o'erspread,
 Ere Alecto sought my bed ;
 In her left hand a torch she shook,
 And in her right led J—n H—ne T—ke.

O thou ! who well deserv'st the bays,
 Teach him, she cried, Sedition's lays—
 She said, and left us ; I, poor fool,
 Began the wily priest to school ;
 Taught him how M—ra sung of lights
 Blown out by troops o' stormy nights ;
 How E—sk—e, borne on rapture's wings,
 At clubs and taverns sweetly sings
 Of *self*—, while yawning Whigs attend—
Self first, last, midst, and without end !
 How B—df—d piped, ill-fated Bard !
 Half drown'd, in empty Palace-yard :
 How L—sd—ne, nature's simple child,
 At *B—w—d* trills his wood-notes wild—
 How these and more (a phrensied choir)
 Sweep with bold hand Confusion's lyre,
 Till madding crowds around them storm
 “ FOR ONE GRAND RADICAL REFORM ! ”

T—ke stood silent for a while,
 Listening with sarcastic smile ;
 Then in verse of calmest flow,
 Sung of treasons, deep and low ;
 Of rapine, prisons, scaffolds, blood,
 Of war against the great and good ;

II.

T. While yet no patriot project pushing,
Content I thump'd Old Brentford's cushion ;
I pass'd my life so free and gaily,
Not dreaming of that d——d *Old Bailey*.

III.

F. Well ! now my favourite preacher's *Nickle*,
He keeps for Pitt a rod in pickle ;
His gestures fright the astonish'd gazers,
His sarcasms cut like Packwood's razors.

IV.

T. Thelwall's my man for state alarm ;
I love the rebels of *Chalk Farm* ;—
Rogues that no statutes can subdue,
Who'd bring the French, and head them too.

V.

F. A whisper in your ear, J—n H—ne,
For *one great end* we both were born,
Alike we roar, and rant, and bellow—
Give us your hand, my honest fellow !

VI.

T. Charles, for a shuffler long I've known thee :
But come—for once, I'll not disown thee ;
And since with patriot zeal thou burnest,
With thee I'll live—or hang *in earnest*.

No. XVIII.

MARCH 12.

We are indebted for the following exquisite Imitation of one of the most beautiful Odes of Horace, to an unknown hand. All that we can say is, that it came to us in a blank cover, sealed with a Ducal Coronet, and that it appears evidently to be the production of a mind not more classical than convivial.

O D E.

W_HITHER, O Bacchus, in thy train,*
 Dost thou transport thy votary's brain
 With sudden inspiration?
 Where dost thou bid me quaff my wine,
 And toast new measures to combine
 The *Great* and *Little Nation*?

HOR. LIB. III. CARM. 25.

DITHYRAMBUS.

* Quo me, Bacche, rapis, tui
 Plenum? quæ in nemora, aut quos agor in specus,
 Velox mente novâ?

Say, in what tavern I shall raise *
 My nightly voice in Charley's praise,
 And dream of future glories,
 When F—x, with salutary sway,
 (Terror the *Order of the Day*)
 Shall reign o'er K—ng and Tories?

My mighty feelings must have way! †
 A toast I'll give—a thing I'll say,
 As yet unsaid by any,—
 “OUR SOV'REIGN LORD!”—let those who doubt
 My honest meaning, hear me out—
 “HIS MAJESTY—THE MANY!”

Plain folks may be surprised, and stare, ‡
 As much surprised as B—b Ad—r
 At Russia's wooden houses;

* Quibus

Antris egregii Cæsaris aûdiar
 Eternum meditans decus
 Stellis inserere, et consilio Jovis?

† Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
 Indictum ore alio,

‡ Non secus in jugis
 Exsomnis stupet Evias,
 Hebrum prospiciens,

And Russian snows, that lie so thick ;*
 And Russian boors † that daily kick,
 With barbarous foot, their spouses.

What joy, when drunk, at midnight's hour, ‡
 To stroll through Covent-Garden's bower,
 Its various charms exploring ;
 And, midst its shrubs and vacant stalls,
 And proud Piazza's crumbling walls,
 Hear trulls and watchmen snoring !

Parent of wine, and gin, and beer, §
 The nymphs of Billingsgate you cheer ;
 Naiads robust and hearty ;

* et nive candidam

Thracen, ac *pede barbaro*

Lustratam Rhodopen.

† There appears to have been some little mistake in the Translator here. *Rhodope* is not, as he seems to imagine, the name of a woman, but of a mountain, and not in *Russia*. Possibly, however, the Translator may have been misled by the inaccuracy of the traveller here alluded to.

‡ Ut mihi devio

Ripas, et vacuum nemus

Mirari libet !

§ O Naiadum potens

Baccharumque valentium

Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos.

As Brooks's chairmen fit to wield
Their stout oak bludgeons in the field,
To aid our virtuous party.

Mortals! no common voice you hear! *
Militia Colonel, Premier Peer,
Lieutenant of a County!
I speak high things! yet, god of wine,
For thee, I fear not to resign
These Gifts of Royal Bounty.

* Nil parvum, aut humili modo,
Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est
O Lenæe sequi deum
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

No. XIX.

MARCH 19.

For the Authenticity of the inclosed Ballad, we refer our Readers to a Volume of MS. Poems discovered upon the removal of some papers, during the late alterations which have taken place at the Tax-Office, in consequence of the Reports of the Finance Committee.

It has been communicated to our Printer by an ingenious Friend of his, who occasionally acts for the Deputy Collector of the Parish of St. Martin in the Fields; but without date, or any other mark, by which we are enabled to guess at the particular subject of the Composition.

CHEVY CHASE.

God prosper long our Noble King,
 Our lives and safeties all :
 A woeful story late there did
 In Britain's Isle befall.

D—ke Sm—ths—n, of N—rth—mb—rl—nd,
 A vow to God did make ;
 The choicest gifts in fair England,
 For him and his to take.

And soon a law, like arrow keen,
Or spear, or curtal-axe,
Struck poor D—ke Sm—ths—n to the heart,
In shape of *Powder tax*.

Sore leaning on his crutch, he cried,
“ Crop, crop, my merry men all ;
“ No guinea for your heads I’ll pay,
“ Though Church and State should fall.”

Again the Taxing-man appear’d—
No deadlier foe could be ;
A schedule of a cloth-yard long,
Within his hand bore he.

“ Yield thee, D—ke Sm—ths—n, and behold
“ The Assessment thou must pay ;
“ Dogs, horses, houses, coaches, clocks,
“ And servants in array.”

“ Nay,” quoth the Duke, “ in thy black scroll
“ Deductions I espye—
“ For those who, poor, and mean, and low,
“ With children burthen’d lie.

“ And though full Sixty Thousand Pounds

“ My vassals pay to me,

“ From Cornwall to *Northumberland*,

“ Through many a fair countée ;

“ Yet England’s Church, its King, its Laws,

“ Its cause, I value not,

“ Compared with this, my constant text,

“ *A penny saved, is got.*

“ No drop of Princely P—rcy’s blood,

“ Through these cold veins doth run ;

“ With Hotspur’s castles, blazon, name,

“ I still am *poor* Sm—ths—n.

“ Let England’s youth unite in arms,

“ And every liberal hand

“ With honest zeal subscribe their mite,

“ To save their native land :

“ I at St. Martin’s Vestry Board,

“ To swear shall be content,

“ That I have children eight, and claim

“ *Deductions, Ten per Cent.*”

God bless us all from factious Foes,
And French Fraternal Kiss ;
And grant the King may never make
Another *Duke* like this.

III.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
The morals (antiquated brood)
Domestic Virtue, Social Joy,
And Faith, that has for ages stood ;
Swift they disperse, and with them go
The Friend sincere, the generous Foe.—
Traitors to God and Man avow'd,
By thee, now raised aloft, now crush'd beneath the crowd.

IV.

Revenge, in blood-stain'd robe array'd,
Immersed in gloomy joy profound ;
Ingratitude, by guilt dismay'd,
With anxious eye wild glancing round,
Still on thy frantic steps attend :
With Death, thy victim's only friend,
Injustice, to the truth severe,
And Anguish, dropping still the life-consuming tear.

V.

Oh ! swiftly on my Country's head,
Destroyer, lay thy ruthless hand ;
Not yet in Gallic terrors clad,
Nor circled by the *Marseilles Band*,

(As by the initiate thou art seen)
With thund'ring cannon, *Guillotine*,
With screaming horrors funeral cry,
Fire, rapine, sword, and chains, and ghastly Poverty.

VI.

Thy sophist veil, dread Goddess, wear,
Falsehood insidiously impart ;
Thy philosophic train be there,
To taint the mind, corrupt the heart ;
The generous Virtues of our Isle,
Teach us to hate and to revile ;
Our glorious Charter's faults to scan,
Time-sanction'd Truths despise, and preach THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

AN ENGLISH JACOBIN.

No. XXI.

April 2.

WE premised in our Sixteenth Number, that though we should not proceed regularly with the publication of the Didactic Poem, the PROGRESS OF MAN,—a work which, indeed, both from its bulk, and the erudite nature of the subject, would hardly suit with the purposes of a Weekly Paper ;—we should, nevertheless, give from time to time such Extracts from it, as we thought were likely to be useful to our Readers, and as were in any degree connected with the topics or events of the times.

The following Extract is from the 23d Canto of this admirable and instructive Poem ;—in which the Author (whom, by a series of accidents, which we have neither the space, nor indeed the liberty, to enumerate at present, we have discovered to be Mr. HIGGINS, of St. Mary-Axe), describes the vicious refinement of what is called Civilized Society, in respect to Marriage ; contends with infinite spirit and philosophy against the factitious sacredness and indissolubility of that institution ; and paints in glowing colours the happiness and utility (in a moral as well as political view) of an arrangement of an opposite sort, such as prevails in countries which are yet under the influence of pure and unsophisticated nature.

In illustration of his principles upon this subject, the Author alludes to a popular production of the German Drama, the title of which is the “ REFORM’D HOUSEKEEPER,” which he expresses a hope of seeing transfused into the language of this country.

THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

CANTO TWENTY-THIRD.

CONTENTS.

ON MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE being indissoluble, the cause of its being so often unhappy.—Nature’s Laws not consulted in this point.—Civilized Nations mistaken.—OTAHEITE—Happiness of the Natives thereof—Visited by Captain Cook, in his Majesty’s Ship Endeavour—Character of Captain Cook.—Address to Circumnavigation.—Description of his Majesty’s Ship Endeavour—Mast, Rigging, Sea-sickness, Prow, Poop, Mess-room, Surgeon’s Mate—History of one.—Episode concerning Naval Chirurgery.—Catching a Thunny Fish.—Arrival at Otaheite—Cast Anchor—land—Natives astonished.—Love—Liberty—Moral—Natural—Religious—Contrasted with European Manners—Strictness—Licence—Doctors’ Commons—Dissolubility of MARRIAGE recommended—Illustrated by a Game at Cards—Whist—Cribbage—Partners changed—Why not the same in Marriage?—Illustrated by a River.—Love free.—Priests, Kings.—German Drama—KOTZEBUE’s “House-keeper Reform’d.”—Moral Employments of Housekeeping described.—Hottentots sit and stare at each other—Query, WHY?—Address to the Hottentots.—History of the Cape of Good Hope.—Resumé of the Arguments against Marriage.—Conclusion.

PROGRESS OF MAN.

EXTRACT.

HAIL! beauteous lands,* that crown the Southern Seas;
Dear happy seats of Liberty and Ease!
Hail! whose green coasts the peaceful ocean laves,
Incessant washing with his watery waves!
Delicious islands! to whose envied shore
Thee, gallant Cook! the ship Endeavour† bore.

There laughs the sky, there zephyr's frolic train,
And light-wing'd loves, and blameless pleasures reign:
There, when two souls congenial ties unite,
No hireling *Bonzes* chant the mystic rite:
Free every thought, each action unconfined,
And light those fetters which no rivets bind.

* The ceremony of invocation (in Didactic Poems especially) is in some measure analogous to the custom of drinking toasts: the corporeal representatives of which are always supposed to be absent, and unconscious of the irrigation bestowed upon their names. Hence it is, that our Author addresses himself to the natives of an island who are not likely to hear, and who, if they did, would not understand him.

† His Majesty's ship Endeavour.

There in each grove, each sloping bank along,
 And flowers and shrubs, and odorous herbs among,
 Each shepherd * clasp'd, with undisguised delight,
 His yielding fair one,—in the Captain's sight;
 Each yielding fair, as chance or fancy led,
 Preferr'd new lovers to her sylvan bed.

Learn hence, each nymph, whose free aspiring mind
 Europe's cold laws, † and colder customs ‡ bind—
 O! learn, what Nature's genial laws decree—
 What Otaheite § is, let Britain be!

* * * *

* In justice to our Author we must observe, that there is a delicacy in this picture, which the words, in their common acceptation, do not convey. The amours of an English shepherd would probably be preparatory to marriage (which is contrary to our Author's principles), or they might disgust us by the vulgarity of their object. But in Otaheite, where the place of shepherd is a perfect sinecure, (there being no sheep on the island) the mind of the reader is not offended by any disagreeable allusion.

† Laws made by Parliaments, or Kings.

‡ Customs voted or imposed by ditto, not the customs here alluded to.

§ M. Bailly and other astronomers, have observed, that in consequence of the varying obliquity of the Ecliptic, the climates of the circumpolar and tropical climates may, in process of time, be materially changed. Perhaps it is not very likely that even by these means Britain may ever become a small island in the South Seas. But this is not the meaning of the verse;—the similarity here proposed, relates to manners, not to local situation.

Of WHIST or CRIBBAGE mark the amusing game—
 The Partners *changing*, but the SPORT the *same* ;
 Else would the Gamester's anxious ardour cool,
 Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.
 —Yet must *one* * Man, with one unceasing Wife,
 Play the LONG RUBBER of connubial life.

Yes ! human laws, and laws esteem'd divine,
 The generous passion straiten and confine ;
 And, as a stream, when art constrains its course,
 Pours its fierce torrent with augmented force,
 So Passion, † narrow'd to one channel small,
Unlike the former, does not flow at all.
 —For Love *then* only flaps his purple wings,
 When uncontroll'd by Priestcraft, or by Kings.

Such the strict rules, that in these barbarous climes,
 Choke youth's fair flowers, and feelings turn to crimes ;
 And people every walk of polish'd life, ‡
 With that two-headed monster, MAN and WIFE !

* The word *one* here, means all the inhabitants of Europe (excepting the French, who have remedied this inconvenience), not any particular individual. The Author begs leave to disclaim every allusion that can be construed as personal.

† As a stream—simile of dissimilitude, a mode of illustration familiar to the ancients.

‡ Walks of polished life ;—see “ *Kensington Gardens*,” a poem.

Bids brandied cherries,* by infusion slow,
Imbibe new flavour, and their own forego,
Sole cordial of her heart, sole solace of her woe!
While still, responsive to each mournful moan,
The saucepan simmers in a softer tone.

* * * * *

* It is a singular quality of brandied cherries, that they exchange their flavour for that of the liquor in which they are immersed.—*See Knight's Progress of Civil Society.*

By Bedford's cut I've trimm'd my locks,
 And coal-black is my knowledge-box,
 Callous to all, except hard knocks
 Of thumpers:

My eye a noble fierceness boasts,
 My voice as hollow as a ghost's,
 My throat oft wash'd by Faction's Toasts
 In bumpers.

Whatever is in France, is right;
 Terror and blood are my delight;
 Parties with us do not excite
 Enough rage.

Our boasted Laws I hate and curse,
 Bad from the first, by age grown worse,
 I pant and sigh for univers-
 al suffrage.

Wakefield I love—adore Horne Tooke,
 With pride on Jones and Thelwall look,
 And hope that they, by hook or crook
 Will prosper.

* This division of the word, is in the true spirit of the English as well as the ancient Sapphic.—See the Counter-scuffle, Counter-rat, and other Poems in this style.

No. XXIII.

April 16.

WE cannot better explain to our Readers, the design of the Poem from which the following Extracts are taken, than by borrowing the expressions of the Author, Mr. HIGGINS, of St. Mary Axe, in the letter which accompanied the manuscript.

We must premise, that we had found ourselves called upon to remonstrate with Mr. H. on the freedom of some of the positions laid down in his other Didactic Poem, the *PROGRESS OF MAN*; and had in the course of our remonstrance, hinted something to the disadvantage of the *new principles* which are now afloat in the world; and which are, in our opinion, working to much prejudice to the happiness of mankind. To this, Mr. H. takes occasion to reply—

“ What you call the *new principles*, are, in fact, nothing less than *new*. They are the principles of primeval nature, the system of original and unadulterated man.

“ If you mean by my addiction to *new principles*, that the object which I have in view in my larger Work (meaning the *PROGRESS OF MAN*), and in the several other *concomitant* and *subsidiary* Didactic Poems which are necessary to complete my plan, is to restore this first, and pure simplicity; to rescue and

“ —that Institutions, civil and religious, that Social Order, (as it
 “ is called in *your cant*) and regular Government and Law, and
 “ I know not what other fantastic inventions, are but so many
 “ cramps and fetters on the free agency of man’s *natural intellect*
 “ and *moral sensibility*; so many badges of his degradation from
 “ the primal purity and excellence of his nature.

“ Our second principle, is the “ *eternal and absolute Perfectibili-*
 “ *lity of Man.*” We contend, that if, as is demonstrable, we have
 “ risen from a level with the *cabbages of the field* to our present
 “ comparatively intelligent and dignified state of existence, by
 “ the mere exertion of our own *energies*; we should, if these
 “ *energies* were not repressed and subdued by the operation of
 “ prejudice, and folly, by KINGCRAFT and PRIESTCRAFT, and
 “ the other evils incident to what is called Civilized Society, con-
 “ tinue to exert and expand ourselves in a proportion infinitely
 “ greater than any thing of which we yet have any notion:—in
 “ a *ratio* hardly capable of being calculated by any science of
 “ which we are now masters; but which would in time raise Man
 “ from his present biped state, to a rank more worthy of his en-
 “ dowments and aspirations; to a rank in which he would be, as
 “ it were, *all MIND*; would enjoy unclouded perspicacity, and
 “ perpetual vitality; feed on *Oxygene*, and never die, but *by his*
 “ *own consent.*

“ But though the Poem of the PROGRESS OF MAN alone,
 “ would be sufficient to teach this system, and enforce these

“ of Linnæus ;—yet I trust that the range and variety of illustration with which I have endeavoured to ornament and enlighten the arid truths of Euclid and Algebra, will be found to have smoothed the road of Demonstration, to have softened the rugged features of Elementary Propositions, and, as it were, to have strewed the *Asses' Bridge* with flowers.”

Such is the account which Mr. HIGGINS gives of his own undertaking, and of the motives which have led him to it. For our parts, though we have not the same sanguine persuasion of the *absolute perfectibility* of our species, and are in truth liable to the imputation of being more satisfied with *things as they are*, than Mr. HIGGINS and his Associates ;—yet, as we are in at least the same proportion, less convinced of the practical influence of Didactic Poems, we apprehend little danger to our Readers' morals, from laying before them Mr. HIGGINS's doctrine in its most fascinating shape. The Poem abounds, indeed, with beauties of the most striking kind,—various and vivid imagery, bold and unsparing impersonifications ; and similitudes and illustrations brought from the most ordinary and the most extraordinary occurrences of nature,—from history and fable,—appealing equally to the heart and to the understanding, and calculated to make the subject of which the Poem professes to treat, rather amusing than intelligible. We shall be agreeably surprised to hear that it has assisted any young Student, at either University, in his Mathematical Studies.

THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

A MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

INSCRIBED TO DR. DARWIN.

CANTO I.

STAY your rude steps, or e'er your feet invade
 The Muses' haunts, ye Sons of War and Trade !
 Nor you, ye Legion Fiends of Church and Law,
 Pollute these pages with unhallow'd paw !
 Debased, corrupted, groveling, and confined, 5
 No DEFINITIONS touch *your* senseless mind ;
 To *you* no POSTULATES prefer their claim,
 No ardent AXIOMS *your* dull souls inflame ;

Ver. 1—4. Imitated from the introductory couplet to the *ECONOMY OF VEGETATION*.

“ Stay your rude steps, whose throbbing breasts infold

“ The Legion Fiends of Glory and of Gold.”

This sentiment is here expanded into four lines.

Ver. 6. Definition—A distinct notion explaining the Genesis of a thing—*Wolfius*.

Ver. 7. Postulate—A self-evident proposition.

Ver. 8. Axiom—An indemonstrable truth.

Let shrill ACOUSTICS tune the tiny lyre ;
 With EUCLID sage fair ALGEBRA conspire ;
 The obedient pulley strong MECHANICS ply,
 And wanton OPTICS roll the melting eye ! 20

I see the fair fantastic forms appear,
 The flaunting drapery, and the languid leer ;
 Fair Sylphish forms—who, tall, erect, and slim,
 Dart the keen glance, and stretch the length of limb ;
 To viewless harpings weave the meaningless dance, 25
 Wave the gay wreath, and titter as they prance.

Such rich confusion charms the ravish'd sight,
 When vernal Sabbaths to the Park invite.

Ver. 17. *Acoustics*—The doctrine or theory of sound.

Ver. 18. *Euclid and Algebra*—The loves and nuptials of these two interesting personages, forming a considerable Episode in the Third Canto, are purposely omitted here.

Ver. 19. *Pulley*—So called from our Saxon word to PULL, signifying to pull or draw.

Ver. 23. *Fair Sylphish forms*—Vide modern prints of nymphs and shepherds dancing to nothing at all.

Ver. 27. *Such rich confusion*—Imitated from the following genteel and sprightly lines in the First Canto of the LOVES OF THE PLANTS :

So bright its folding canopy withdrawn,
 Glides the gilt landau o'er the velvet lawn,
 Of beaux and belles displays the glittering throng,
 And soft airs fan them as they glide along.

How lengthen'd *Lines*, impetuous sweeping round,
Spread the wide *Plane*, and mark its circling bound ;

to have been originally concentrated in a single Point—We may conceive this Primeval Point, or *Punctum Saliens* of the Universe, evolving itself by its own energies, to have moved forward in a right Line, *ad infinitum*, till it grew tired—After which, the right Line which it had generated would begin to put itself in motion in a lateral direction, describing an Area of infinite extent. This Area, as soon as it became conscious of its own existence, would begin to ascend or descend, according as its specific gravity might determine it, forming an immense solid space filled with Vacuum, and capable of containing the present existing Universe.

Space being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable Nidus, or receptacle for the generation of Chaotic Matter, an immense deposit of it would gradually be accumulated :—After which, the Filament of *Fire* being produced in the Chaotic Mass, by an *Idiosyncrasy*, or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, *Explosion* would take place ; *Suns* would be shot from the Central Chaos ;—*Planets* from *Suns* ; and *Satellites* from *Planets*. In this state of things, the Filament of *Organization* would begin to exert itself, in those independent masses which, in proportion to their bulk, exposed the greatest surface to the action of *Light* and *Heat*. This Filament, after an infinite series of ages, would begin to *ramify*, and its viviparous offspring would diversify their forms and habits, so as to accommodate themselves to the various *incunabula* which Nature had prepared for them.—Upon this view of things, it seems highly probable that the first effort of Nature terminated in the production of Vegetables, and that these being abandoned to their own *energies*, by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings or feet, according as their different propensities determined them, in favour of aerial and terrestrial existence. Others by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of *volition*, would become Men. These, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their *hind feet* : their *tails* would gradually rub off, by sitting in their caves or huts, as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state : they would invent *language*, and the use

So youthful Horner roll'd the roguish eye,
 Cull'd the dark plum from out his Christmas pie,
 And cried, in self-applause—"How good a boy am I." 60

So she, sad victim of domestic spite,
 Fair Cinderella, past the wintry night
 In the lone chimney's darksome nook immured,
 Her form disfigured, and her charms obscured.
 Sudden her God-mother appears in sight, 65
 Lifts the charm'd rod, and chants the mystic rite.
 The chanted rite the maid attentive hears,
 And feels new ear-rings deck her listening ears;
 While midst her towering tresses, aptly set,
 Shines bright, with quivering glance, the smart aigrette; 70
 Brocaded silks the splendid dress complete,
 And the Glass Slipper grasps her fairy feet.

Ver. 68. *Listening ears*—Listening, and therefore peculiarly suited to a pair of diamond ear-rings.—See the description of Nebuchadnezzar, in his transformed state.

Nor flattery's self can pierce his *pendent ears*.

In poetical diction, a person is said to '*breathe the BLUE air*,' and to '*drink the HOARSE wave*!'—not that the colour of the sky, or the noise of the water, has any reference to drinking or breathing, but because the Poet obtains the advantage of thus describing his subject under a *double relation*, in the same manner in which material objects presents themselves to our different senses at the same time.

Six cock-tail'd mice transport her to the ball,
And liveried lizards wait upon her call.

Alas! that partial Science should approve 75
The sly RECTANGLE's too licentious love!
For *three* bright nymphs, &c. &c.

(To be continued.)



Ver. 73. *Cock-tail'd mice*—*coctilibus muris*.—*Ovid*. There is reason to believe, that the *murine*, or *mouse* species, were anciently much more numerous than at the present day. It appears from the sequel of the line, that Semiramis surrounded the city of Babylon with a number of these animals.

Dicitur altam

Coctilibus Muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.

It is not easy at present to form any conjecture with respect to the end, whether of ornament or defence, which they could be supposed to answer. I should be inclined to believe, that in this instance the mice were dead, and that so vast a collection of them must have been furnished by way of tribute, to free the country from these destructive animals. This superabundance of the *murine* race, must have been owing to their immense fecundity, and to the comparatively tardy reproduction of the *feline* species. The traces of this disproportion are to be found in the early history of every country.—The ancient laws of Wales estimate a Cat at the price of as much corn as would be sufficient to cover her, if she were suspended by the tail with her fore-feet touching the ground.—*See Howel Dha*.—In Germany, it is recorded that an army of rats, a larger animal of the *mus* tribe, were employed as the Ministers of Divine vengeance against a feudal Tyrant; and the commercial legend of our own Whittington, might probably be traced to an equally authentic origin.

No. XXIV.

April 23.

THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

*A MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.**(Continued.)*

CANTO I.

ALAS! that partial Science should approve 75
 The sly RECTANGLE'S too licentious love!
 For *three* bright nymphs the wily wizard burns;—
Three bright-eyed nymphs requite his flame by turns.
 Strange force of magic skill! combined of yore
 With Plato's science and Menecmus' lore. 80

Ver. 76. *Rectangle*—"A figure which has one Angle, or more, of ninety degrees."
 —*Johnson's Dictionary*. It here means a right-angled Triangle, which is therefore
 incapable of having more than one Angle of ninety degrees, but which may, ac-
 cording to our Author's *Prosopopæia*, be supposed to be in love with Three, or any
 greater number of Nymphs.

Ver. 80. *Plato's and Menecmus' lore*—Proclus attributes the discovery of the
 Conic Sections to Plato, but obscurely. Eratosthenes seems to adjudge it to
 Menecmus. "*Neque Menecmeos necesse erit in Cono secare ternarios.*"—*Vide Montucla*.

In Afric's schools, amid those sultry sands,
 High on its base where Pompey's pillar stands,
 This learnt the Seer; and learnt, alas! too well,
 Each scribbled talisman, and smoky spell:
 What mutter'd charms, what soul-subduing arts 85
 Fell Zatanai to his sons imparts.

GINS—black and huge! who in Dom-Daniel's cave
 Writhe your scorch'd limbs on sulphur's azure wave,
 Or, shivering, yell amidst eternal snows,
 Where cloud-capp'd Caf protrudes his granite toes; 90

From Greece they were carried to Alexandria, where (according to our Author's beautiful fiction) *Rectangle* either did or might learn magic.

Ver. 86. *Zatanai*—Supposed to be the same with Satan.—*Vide the New Arabian Nights*, translated by Cazotte, author of "*Le Diable amoureux*."

Ver. 87. *Gins*—the Eastern name for Genii.—*Vide Tales of ditto*.

Ditto, *Dom-Daniel*—a submarine palace near Tunis, where Zatanai usually held his court.—*Vide New Arabian Nights*.

Ver. 88. *Sulphur*—A substance which, when cold, reflects the yellow rays, and is therefore said to be yellow. When raised to a temperature at which it *attracts oxygene* (a process usually called *burning*), it emits a blue flame. This may be beautifully exemplified, and at a moderate expence, by igniting those *fasciculi* of brimstone *matches*, frequently sold (so frequently, indeed, as to form one of the London cries) by women of an advanced age, in this metropolis. They will be found to yield an *azure*, or blue light.

Ver. 90. *Caf*—the Indian *Caycasus*.—*Vide Bailly's Lettres sur l'Atlantide*, in which he proves that this was the native country of Gog and Magog (now resident in Guildhall), as well as of the Peris, or fairies, of the Asiatic Romances.

(Bound by his will, Judæa's fabled king,
 Lord of Aladdin's Lamp and mystic Ring.)
 Gins! ye remember!—for your toil convey'd
 Whate'er of drugs the powerful charm could aid;
 Air, earth, and sea ye search'd, and where below 95
 Flame embryo lavas, young volcanoes glow,—
 Gins! ye beheld appall'd the enchanter's hand
 Wave in dark air the *Hypothenusal* wand;
 Saw him the mystic *Circle* trace, and wheel
 With head erect, and far extended heel; 100

Ver. 91. *Judæa's fabled king*—Mr. HIGGINS does not mean to deny that Solomon was really King of Judæa. The epithet *fabled*, applies to that empire over the Genii, which the retrospective generosity of the Arabian fabulists has bestowed upon this monarch.

Ver. 96. *Young volcanoes*—The genesis of burning mountains was never, till lately, well explained. Those with which we are best acquainted, are certainly not viviparous; it is therefore probable, that there exists, in the centre of the earth, a considerable reservoir of their eggs, which, during the obstetrical convulsions of general earthquakes, produce new volcanoes.

Ver. 100. *Far extended heel*—The personification of *Rectangle*, besides answering a poetical purpose, was necessary to illustrate Mr. HIGGINS's philosophical opinions. The ancient mathematicians conceived that a Cone was generated by the revolution of a Triangle; but this, as our Author justly observes, would be impossible, without supposing in the Triangle that *expansive nisus*, discovered by Blumenbach, and improved by Darwin, which is peculiar to animated matter, and which alone explains the whole mystery of organization. Our enchanter sits on the ground, with his heels stretched out, his head erect, his wand (or *Hypothenus*) resting on the extremities of his feet and the tip of his nose, (as is finely expressed in the

Still e'er she reach it, from his polish'd side
Her trembling hands in devious *Tangents* glide.

Not thus *HYPERBOLA* :—with subtlest art 115
The blue-eyed wanton plays her changeful part ;
Quick as her *conjugated axes* move
Through every posture of luxurious love,
Her sportive limbs with easiest grace expand ;
Her charms unveil'd provoke the lover's hand :— 120
Unveil'd, except in many a filmy ray
Where light *Asymptotes* o'er her bosom play,
Nor touch her glowing skin, nor intercept the day.

Yet why, *ELLIPSIS*, at thy fate repine ?
More lasting bliss, securer joys are thine. 125
Though to each fair his treacherous wish may stray,
Though each, in turn, may seize a transient sway,

Ver 115. *Hyperbola*—Not figuratively speaking, as in rhetoric, but mathematically; and therefore blue-eyed.

Ver. 122. *Asymptotes*—"Lines, which though they may approach still nearer together, till they are nearer than the least assignable distance, yet being still produced infinitely, will never meet."—*Johnson's Dictionary*.

Ver. 124. *Ellipsis*—A curve, the revolution of which on its axis produces an Ellipsoid, or solid, resembling the eggs of birds, particularly those of the gallinaeous tribe. *Ellipsis* is the only curve that embraces the Cone.

'Tis thine with mild coercion to restrain,
Twine round his struggling heart, and bind with endless chain.

Thus, happy France ! in thy regenerate land, 130
Where TASTE with RAPINE saunters hand in hand ;
Where, nursed in seats of innocence and bliss,
REFORM greets TERROR with fraternal kiss ;
Where mild PHILOSOPHY first taught to scan
The *wrongs* of PROVIDENCE, and *rights* of MAN ; 135
Where MEMORY broods o'er FREEDOM's earlier scene,
The *Lantern* bright, and brighter *Guillotine* ;—
Three gentle swains evolve their longing arms,
And woo the young REPUBLIC's virgin charms :
And though proud Barras with the fair succeed, 140
Though not in vain the Attorney Rewbell plead,
Oft doth the impartial nymph their love forego,
To clasp thy crooked shoulders, bless'd Lepaux !

So, with dark dirge athwart the blasted heath,
Three sister Witches hail'd the appall'd Macbeth. 145

So, the *Three* Fates, beneath grim Pluto's roof,
Strain the dun warp, and weave the murky woof ;
'Till deadly Atropos, with fatal sheers,
Slits the thin promise of the expected years,

While 'midst the dungeon's gloom, or battle's din, 150
Ambition's victims perish, as they spin.

Thus, the *Three* Graces on the Idalian green,
Bow with deft homage to Cythera's Queen ;
Her polish'd arms with pearly bracelets deck,
Part her light locks, and bare her ivory neck ; 155
Round her fair form ethereal odours throw,
And teach the unconscious zephyrs where to blow ;
Floats the thin gauze, and glittering as they play,
The bright folds flutter in phlogistic day.

So, with his Daughters *Three*, the unscepter'd Lear 160
Heaved the loud sigh, and pour'd the glistening tear ;
His Daughters *Three*, save one alone, conspire
(Rich in his gifts) to spurn their generous sire ;
Bid the rude storm his hoary tresses drench,
Stint the spare meal, the hundred knights retrench ; 165
Mock his mad sorrow, and, with alter'd mien,
Renounce the daughter, and assert the queen.
A father's griefs his feeble frame convulse,
Rack his white head, and fire his feverous pulse ;
Till kind Cordelia soothes his soul to rest, 170
And folds the Parent-Monarch to her breast.

No. XXV.

April 30.

BRISSOT'S GHOST.

As at the Shakspeare Tavern dining,
O'er the well replenish'd board
Patriotic Chiefs reclining,
Quick and large libations pour'd ;
While, in fancy, great and glorious,
'Midst the Democratic storm,
Fox's Crew, with shout victorious,
Drank to *Radical Reform*.

Sudden up the staircase sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;
Then, each guest with fear confounding,
A grim train of Ghosts appear'd :
Each a head with anguish gasping,
(Himself a trunk deform'd with gore)
In his hand, terrific, clasping,
Stalk'd across the wine-stain'd floor.

(Each his head with gore distilling
Shakes, the whilst his tale is told.)

“ Some, from that dread engine’s carving,
“ In vain contrived their heads to save—
“ See Barbaroux and Petion * starving
“ In the Languedocian Cave !
“ See in a higgler’s † hamper buckled
“ How Louvet’s soaring spirit lay !
“ How virtuous Roland, ‡ hapless cuckold,
“ Blew, what brains he had, away.



“ How beneath the power of Marat
“ Condorcet, blaspheming, fell,
“ Begg’d some laudanum of Garat, §
“ Drank ;—and slept,—to wake in hell !

* Such was the end of these worthies. They were found starved to death in a cave in Languedoc.—*Vide Barrere’s Report.*

† See Louvet’s *Recit de mes Perils*.

‡ The virtuous Roland. This philosophic coxcomb is the idol of those who admire the French Revolution *up to a certain point*.

§ This little anecdote is not generally known.—It is strikingly pathetic.—Garat has recorded this circumstance in a very eloquent sentence—“ O toi, qui arrêtas la
“ main, avec laquelle tu traçais le progrès de l’esprit humain, pour porter sur tes
“ levres le breuvage mortel, d’autres pensées, et d’autres sentimens, ont incliné ta
“ volonté vers le tombeau, dans ta dernière délibération.—(Garat, it seems, did not

No. XXVI.

May 7.

LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

The frequent solicitations which we have received for a Continuation of the Loves of the Triangles, have induced us to lay before the Public (with Mr. Higgins's permission) the concluding lines of the Canto. The catastrophe of Mr. and Mrs. Gingham, and the Episode of Hippona, contained, in our apprehension, several reflections of too free a nature. The Conspiracy of Parameter and Abscissa against the Ordinate, is written in a strain of Poetry so very splendid and dazzling, as not to suit the more tranquil majesty of diction which our Readers admire in Mr. Higgins. We have therefore begun our Extract with the Loves of the Giant Isosceles, and the Picture of the Asses' Bridge, and its several Illustrations.

CANTO I.

EXTRACT.

'TWAS thine alone, O youth of giant frame,
 Isosceles! * that rebel heart to tame!
 In vain coy Mathesis † thy presence flies:
 Still turn her fond hallucinating ‡ eyes;

* *Isosceles*—An equi-crural Triangle—It is represented as a *Giant*, because Mr. HIGGINS says he has observed that procerity is much promoted by the equal length of the legs, more especially when they are long legs.

† *Mathesis*—The doctrine of Mathematics—Pope calls her *mad Mathesis*.—*Vide Johnson's Dictionary.*

‡ *Hallucinating*—The disorder with which Mathesis is affected, is a disease of

Thrills with *Galvanic* fires * each tortuous nerve,
 Throb her blue veins, and dies her cold reserve.
 —Yet strives the fair, till in the Giant's breast
 She sees the mutual passion-flame confess'd :
 Where'er he moves, she sees his tall limbs trace
Internal Angles † *equal at the Base* ;
 Again she doubts him: but *produced at will*,
 She sees *the external Angles equal still*.

Say, bless'd Isosceles ! what favouring power,
 Or love, or chance, at night's auspicious hour,

increased volition, called *erotomania*, or *sentimental love*. It is the fourth species of the second genus of the first order and third class; in consequence of which Mr. Hackman shot Miss Ray in the lobby of the playhouse.—*Vide Zoonomia*, Vol. II. p. 363, 365.

* *Galvanic fires*—Dr. Galvani is a celebrated philosopher at Turin. He has proved that the electric fluid is the proximate cause of nervous sensibility; and Mr. HIGGINS is of opinion, that by means of this discovery, the sphere of our disagreeable sensations may be, in future, considerably enlarged. “ Since dead frogs (says he) are awakened by this fluid, to such a degree of posthumous sensibility, as to “ jump out of the glass in which they are placed, why not men, who are sometimes “ so much more sensible when alive ? And if so, why not employ this new stimulus “ to deter mankind from dying (which they so pertinaciously continue to do) of “ various old-fashioned diseases, notwithstanding all the brilliant discoveries of “ modern philosophy, and the example of Count Cagliostro ? ”

† *Internal Angles*, &c.—This is an exact versification of Euclid's 5th theorem.—*Vide Euclid in loco*.

While to the *Asses' Bridge** entranced you stray'd,
 Led to the *Asses' Bridge* the enamour'd maid?
 —The *Asses' Bridge*, for ages doom'd to hear
 The deafening surge assault his wooden ear,
 With joy repeats sweet sounds of mutual bliss,
 The soft susurrant sigh, and gently murmuring kiss.

So thy dark arches, *London Bridge*, bestride
 Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide ;
 There oft—returning from those green retreats,
 Where fair *Vauxhallia* decks her sylvan seats ;—
 Where each spruce nymph, from city compters free,
 Sips the froth'd syllabub, or fragrant tea ;
 While with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burnt champaign,
 Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain ;
 —There oft, in well-trimm'd wherry, glide along
 Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering throng ;
 Smells the tarr'd rope—with undulation fine
 Flaps the loose sail—the silken awnings shine ;

* *Asses' Bridge*—*Pons Asinorum*—The name usually given to the beforementioned theorem, though, as Mr. HIGGINS thinks, absurdly. He says, that having frequently watched companies of asses during their passage of a bridge, he never discovered in them any symptoms of geometrical instinct upon the occasion.—But he thinks that with Spanish asses, which are much larger (*vide Townsend's Travels through Spain*), the case may possibly be different.

"Shoot we the bridge!"—the venturous boatmen cry—
 "Shoot we the bridge!"—the exulting fare * reply.
 —Down the steep fall the headlong waters go,
 Curls the white foam, the breakers roar below.
 —The veering helm the dextrous steersman stops,
 Shifts the thin oar, the fluttering canvas drops;
 Then with closed eyes, clench'd hands, and quick-drawn breath,
 Darts at the central arch, nor heeds the gulf beneath.
 —Full 'gainst the pier the unsteady timbers knock,
 The loose planks starting own the impetuous shock;
 The shifted oar, dropp'd sail, and steadied helm,
 With angry surge the closing waters whelm—
 Laughs the glad Thames, and clasps each fair one's charms
 That screams and scrambles in his oozy arms.
 —Drench'd each smart garb, and clogg'd each struggling limb,
 Far o'er the stream the Cockneys sink or swim;
 While each badged boatman † clinging to his oar,
 Bounds o'er the buoyant wave, and climbs the applauding shore.

So, towering Alp! from thy majestic ridge ‡
 Young Freedom gazed on Lodi's blood-stain'd *bridge*;

* *Fare*—A person, or a number of persons conveyed in a hired vehicle by land or water.

† *Badged boatmen*—Boatmen sometimes wear a *badge*, to distinguish them: especially those who belong to the Watermen's Company.

‡ *Alp or Alps*—A ridge of mountains which separate the North of Italy from the

—Saw, in thick throngs, conflicting armies rush,
 Ranks close on ranks, and squadrons squadrons crush ;
 —Burst in bright radiance through the battle's storm,
 Waved her broad hands, display'd her awful form ;
 Bade at her feet, regenerate nations bow,
 And twined the wreath round Buonaparte's brow.
 —Quick with new lights, fresh hopes, and alter'd zeal,
 The slaves of Despots drop the blunted steel :
 Exulting Victory own'd her favourite child,
 And freed Liguria clapp'd her hands and smiled.

Nor long the time ere Britan's shores shall greet
 The warrior-sage, with gratulation sweet :
 Eager to grasp the wreath of Naval Fame,
 The GREAT REPUBLIC plans the *Floating Frame* !
 —O'er the huge plane gigantic *Terror* stalks,
 And counts, with joy, the close-compacted balks :
 Of young-eyed *Massacres*, the Cherub crew,
 Round their grim Chief the mimic task pursue ;
 Turn the stiff screw,* apply the strengthening clamp,
 Drive the long bolt, or fix the stubborn cramp,

South of Germany. They are evidently primeval and volcanic, consisting of granite, toadstone, and basalt, and several other substances, containing animal and vegetable recrements, and affording numberless undoubted proofs of the infinite antiquity of the earth, and of the consequent falsehood of the Mosaic Chronology.

* *Turn the stiff screw*, &c.—The harmony and imagery of these lines are imper-

Lash the reluctant beam, the cable splice,
 Join the firm dove-tail with adjustment nice,
 Through yawning fissures urge the willing wedge,
 Or give the smoothing adze a sharper edge.
 —Or, group'd in fairy bands, with playful care,
 The unconscious bullet to the furnace bear;—
 Or gaily tittering, tip the match with fire,
 Prime the big mortar, bid the shell aspire;
 Applaud, with tiny hands, and laughing eyes,
 And watch the bright destruction as it flies.

Now the fierce forges gleam with angry glare—
 The windmill * waves his woven wings in air;
 Swells the proud sail, the exulting streamers fly,
 Their nimble fins unnumber'd paddles ply:
 —Ye soft airs breathe, ye gentle billows waft,
 And, fraught with Freedom, bear the expected Raft!

fectly imitated from the following exquisite passage in the Economy of Vegetation:

Gnomes, as you now dissect, with hammers fine,
 The granite rock, the noduled flint calcine;
 Grind with strong arm, the circling chertz betwixt,
 Your pure ka—o—lins and Pe—tunt—ses mixt. *Canto 2. l. 297.*

* *The windmill*, &c.—This line affords a striking instance of the sound conveying an echo to the sense.—I would defy the most unfeeling reader to repeat it over, without accompanying it by some corresponding gesture imitative of the action described.—*Editor.*

—Perch'd on her back, behold the Patriot train,
Muir, Ashley, Barlow, Tone, O'Connor, Paine ;
While Tandy's hand directs the blood-empurpled rein.

Ye Imps of Murder, guard her angel form,
Check the rude surge, and chase the hovering storm ;
Shield from contusive rocks her timber limbs,
And guide the sweet Enthusiast* as she swims !

—And now, with web-foot oars, she gains the land,
And foreign footsteps press the yielding sand :
—The Communes spread, the gay Departments smile,
Fair Freedom's Plant o'ershades the laughing isle :
—Fired with new hopes, the exulting peasant sees
The Gallic streamer woo the British breeze ;
While, pleased to watch its undulating charms,
The smiling infant† spreads his little arms.

* *Sweet Enthusiast*, &c.—A term usually applied in allegoric or technical poetry, to any person or object to which no other qualifications can be assigned.—*Chambers's Dictionary*.

† *The smiling infant*—Infancy is particularly interested in the diffusion of the new principles.—See the “ Bloody Buoy ; ”—see also the following description and prediction :

Here Time's huge fingers grasp his giant mace,
And dash proud Superstition from her base ;

Ye Sylphs of DEATH, on demon pinions flit
 Where the tall Guillotine is raised for Pitt:
 To the poised plank tie fast the monster's back,*
 Close the nice slider, ope the expectant sack;
 Then twitch, with fairy hands, the frolic pin—
 Down falls the impatient axe with deafening din;
 †The liberated head rolls off below,
 And simpering Freedom hails the happy blow!

Rend her strong towers and gorgeous fanes, &c.

&c. &c. &c. &c.

While each light moment, as it passes by,
 With feathery foot and pleasure-twinkling eye,
 Feeds from its baby-hand, with many a kiss,
 The callow nestlings of domestic bliss.

Botanic Garden.

* *The monster's back*—Le Monstre Pitt, l'ennemi du genre humain.—See Debates
 of the Legislators of the Great Nation, *passim*.

† Atque illud prono præceps agitur decursus.—*Catullus*.

No. XXVII.

MAY 14.

The gallant defence of the Isles of St. Marcou, would justify a more serious celebration than is attempted in the following Poem; and the modest and unassuming manner in which Lieutenant PRICE gives the account of Services so highly meritorious, adds to the hope which we entertain, that he will meet a more solid reward, than any Verse of ours, or of our Correspondent's, could bestow.

Citizen Muskein, if he understands Horace, and can read English, will be amply rewarded for the Victory of which he has, no doubt, by this time made a pompous Report to the Directory, by the perusal of the 14th Ode of the 1st Book, for which we have to return our thanks to a classical Correspondent.

A CONSOLATORY ADDRESS TO HIS GUN-BOATS.

BY CITIZEN MUSKEIN.

O Navis, referent in mare te novi fluctus.

O GENTLE GUN-BOATS, whom the Seine
 Discharged from Havre to the main;
 Now leaky, creaking, blood-bespatter'd,
 With rudders broken, canvas shatter'd—
 O tempt the treacherous sea no more,
 But gallantly regain the shore.

Scarce could our guardian Goddess, Reason,
 Ensure your timbers through the season :
 Though built of wood from famed Marseilles,
 Well mann'd from galleys, and from jails ;
 Though with Lepaux's, and Rewbell's aid,
 By Pleville's skill your keel was laid ;
 Though lovely Stael, and lovelier Stone,*
 Have work'd their fingers to the bone,
 And cut their petticoats to rags
 To make your bright Three-Colour'd Flags ;
 Yet sacrilegious grape and ball
 Deform the works of Stone and Stael,
 And trembling, without food or breeches,
 Our sailors curse the *painted* ——†

O Navis, referent in mare te novi
 Fluctus. O quid agis?—fortiter occupa
 Portum. Nonne vides, ut
 Nudum remigio latus,
 Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
 Antennæque gemant? Ac sine funibus
 Vix durare carinæ
 Possint imperiosius
 Æquor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea;
 Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo;
 Quamvis Pontica pinus,
 Silvæ filia nobilis,

* Stone—better known by the name of Williams.

† We decline printing this rhyme at length, from obvious reasons of delicacy;

Children of Muskein's anxious care,
 Source of my hope and my despair,
 GUN-BOATS—unless you mean hereafter
 To furnish food for British laughter—
 Sweet GUN-BOATS, with your gallant crew,
 Tempt not the rocks of SAINT MARCOU ;
 Beware the Badger's bloody pennant,
 And that d——d invalid LIEUTENANT !

Jactes et genus, et nomen inutile.
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave,
Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

at the same time that it is so accurate a translation of *pictis puppibus*, that we know not how to suppress it, without doing the utmost injustice to the general spirit of the Poem.

E L E G Y
ON THE DEATH OF
JEAN BON SAINT ANDRÉ.

The following exquisite tribute to the memory of an unfortunate Republican, is written with such touching sensibility, that those who can command salt tears, must prepare to shed them. The narrative is simple, and unaffected ; the event in itself interesting ; the moral obvious and awful.—We have only to observe, that as this account of the transaction is taken from the French papers, it may possibly be somewhat partial.—The Dey's own statement of the affair has not yet been received. Every friend of humanity will join with us, in expressing a candid and benevolent hope, that this business may not tend to kindle the flames of war between these two Unchristian Powers ; but that by mutual concession and accommodation, they may come to some point (short of the restoration of Jean Bon's head on his shoulders, which, in this stage of the discussion, is hardly practicable), by which the peace of the Pagan world may be preserved. For our part, we pretend not to decide from which quarter the concessions ought principally to be made. It is but candid to allow, that there are probably faults on *both sides*, in this, as in most other cases. For the character of the Dey, we profess a sincere

respect on the one hand ; and on the other, we naturally wish that the head of Jean Bon Saint André should be reserved for his own Guillotine.

ELEGY, OR DIRGE.

I.

ALL in the town of Tunis,
In Africa the torrid,
On a Frenchman of rank
Was play'd such a prank,
As Lepaux must think quite horrid.

II.

No story half so shocking,
By kitchen fire, or laundry,
Was ever heard tell,—
As that which befell
The great Jean Bon Saint André.

III.

Poor John was a gallant Captain,
In battles much delighting ;

VII.

He form'd a *Club of Brothers*,
And moved some resolutions—
“ Ho ! Ho ! (says the Dey),
“ So this is the way
“ That the French make *Revolutions*.”

VIII.

The Dey then gave his orders
In Arabic and Persian—
“ Let no more be said—
“ But bring me his head !—
“ These *Clubs* are my aversion.”

IX.

The Consul quoted Wicquefort,
And Puffendorf and Grotius ;
And proved from Vattel,
Exceedingly well,
Such a deed would be quite atrocious.

X.

’Twould have moved a Christian’s bowels
To hear the doubts he stated ;—

On recurring to the French papers, to verify our Correspondent's statement of this singular adventure of Jean Bon Saint André, we discovered, to our great mortification, that it happened at Algiers, and not at Tunis.—We should have corrected this mistake, but for two reasons—first, that Algiers would not stand in the verse ; and, secondly, that we are informed by the young man who conducts the Geographical Department of the Morning Chronicle, that both the towns are in Africa, or Asia (he is not quite certain which), and, what is more to the purpose, that both are peopled by Moors. Tunis, therefore, may stand.

No. XXVIII.

MAY 21.

We have received the following Letter, with the Poem that accompanies it, from a Gentleman whose political opinions have, hitherto, differed from our own; but who appears to feel, as every man who loves his Country must, that there can be but one sentiment entertained by Englishmen at the present moment.

Were we at liberty, we should be happy to do justice to the Author, and credit to ourselves, by mentioning his name.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

SIR,

However men may have differed on the political or constitutional questions which have of late been brought into discussion—whatever opinions they may have held on the system or conduct of administration—there can surely be now but one sentiment, as to the instant necessity of firm and strenuous union for the preservation of our very existence as a people; and if degrees of obligation could be admitted, where the utmost is required from all, it should seem, that in this cause the Opposers of Administration stand doubly pledged; for, with what face of

consistency can men pretend to stickle for points of Constitutional Liberty at home, who will not be found amongst the foremost at their posts, to defend their Country from the yoke of Foreign Slavery.

That there should be any set of men so infatuated, as not to be convinced that the object of the Enemy must be the utter destruction of these Countries, after making the largest allowance for the effects of prejudice and passion, it is not easy to conceive. Such, however, we are told there are. They believe then, that after a long series of outrage, insult, and injury, in the height of their animosity and presumption, these moderate, mild, disinterested Conquerors will invade us in arms, out of pure love and kindness, merely for our good, only to make us wiser, and better, and happier, and more prosperous than before !

Future events lie hid in the Volume of Fate, but the intentions of men may be known, by almost infallible indications. Passion and interest, the two mighty motives of human action, determine the Government of France to attempt the Abolition of the British Empire ! and if, abandoned by God and our right arm, we should flinch in the conflict, that destruction will be operative to the full of their gigantic and monstrous imaginations !—Harbours filled up with the ruins of their towns and arsenals—the Thames rendered a vast morass, by burying the Imperial City in her bosom—but I will not proceed in this horrible picture.—

Are we then, it may be asked, to wage eternal war?—No ; a

glorious resistance leads to an honourable peace. The French people have been long weary of the war; their spirit has been forced by a system which must end in the failure of the engagement to give them the plunder of this Country. They will awake from their dream, and raise a cry for peace, which their Government will not dare to resist. The Monarchs of Europe must now begin clearly to perceive, that their fate hangs on the destiny of England; they will unite to compel a satisfactory peace on a broad foundation; and Peace, when War has been tried to the utmost, will probably be permanent. A few years of wise economy, and redoubled industry, will place us again on the rising scale; and if the pressure of the times may have rendered it necessary, sometimes to have cast a temporary veil over the Statue of Liberty, she may again safely be shewn in an unimpaired lustre.

Of the following Verses I have nothing to say: if it should be decided that the greatness of the object, cannot bear out the mediocrity of the execution, I will not appeal from the decision.

ODE
TO MY COUNTRY.

MDCCXCVIII.

S. 1.

BRITONS! hands and hearts prepare;
The angry tempest threatens nigh,
Deep-toned thunders roll in air,
Lightnings thwart the livid sky;
Throned upon the winged storm,
Fell DESOLATION rears her ghastly form,
Waves her black signal to her hell-born brood,
And lures them thus with promised blood:—

A. 1.

“ Drive, my Sons, the storm amain!
“ Lo, the hated, envied Land,
“ Where PIETY and ORDER reign,
“ And FREEDOM dares maintain her stand!
“ Have ye not sworn, by night and hell,
“ These from the earth for ever to expel?
“ Rush on, resistless, to your destined prey,
“ Death and Rapine point the way.”

The lion-heart soft pity knows,
 To raise, with soothing cares, his prostrate foes ;
 The vanquish'd head true Valour ne'er oppress'd,
 Nor shunn'd to succour the distress'd.

E. 2.

Spirit of great Elizabeth ! inspire
 High thoughts, high deeds, worthy our ancient fame ;
 Breathe through our ardent ranks the patriot fire,
 Kindled at Freedom's ever hallow'd flame !
 Baffled and scorn'd, the Iberian Tyrant found,
 Though half a world his iron sceptre bound,
 The gallant Amazon could sweep away,
 Arm'd with her people's love, the " Invincible " array.*

S. 3.

The Bold Usurper † firmly held
 The sword, by splendid treasons gain'd ;
 And Gallia's fiery genius quell'd,
 And Spain's presumptuous claims restrain'd :
 When lust of sway, by flattery fed, ‡
 To venturous deeds the youthful Monarch led,
 In the full flow of Victory's swelling tide,
 Britain check'd his power and pride.

* The Spanish Armada.

† Oliver Cromwell.

‡ Louis XIV.

See Wolfe, by yielding numbers press'd,
Expiring smile, and sink on Victory's breast !
See Minden's plains, and Biscay's billowy bay,
Deeds of deathless fame display.

A. 4.

O! tread with awe the sacred gloom,
Patriot Virtue's last retreat ;
Where Glory, on the trophied tomb,
Joys their merit to repeat :
There Chatham lies, whose master-hand
Guided through seven bright years the mighty Band,
That round his urn, where grateful Memory weeps,
Each in his hallow'd marble sleeps.

E. 4.

Her brand accursed when Civil Discord hurl'd,*
Britain alone the united world withstood,
Rodney his fortune-favour'd sails unfurl'd,
And led three Nations' Chiefs to Thames's flood.
Firm on his Rock the Veteran Hero † stands ;
Beneath his feet unheeded thunders roar ;
Smiling in scorn, he sees the glittering Bands
Fly, with repulse and shame, old Calpe's hopeless shore.

* American War.

† Lord Heathfield.

S. 5.

Heirs, or partners of their toils,
Matchless Heroes still we own ;
Crown'd with honourable spoils
From the leagued nations won.
On their high prowls they proudly stand
The god-like Guardians of their native land ;
Lords of the mighty deep triumphant ride,
Wealth and Victory at their side.

A. 5.

Loyal, bold, and generous Bands,
Strenuous in their Country's Cause,
Guard their cultivated Lands,
Their Altars, Liberties, and Laws !
On his firm deep-founded throne
Great BRUNSWICK sits, a name to fear unknown,
With brow erect commands the glorious strife,
Unawed, and prodigal of life.

E. 5.

Sons of fair Freedom's long-descended line,
To Gallia's yoke shall Britons bend the neck—
No ; in her Cause though Fate and Hell combine
To bury all in universal wreck,

Of this fair Isle to make one dreary waste,
Her greatness in her ruins only traced,—
Arts, Commerce, Arms, sunk in one common grave—
The Man who dares to die, will never live a Slave !

No. XXIX.

MAY 28.

In a former Number, we were enabled, by the communication of a classical Correspondent, to compliment Citizen Muskein with an Address to his Gun-boats, imitated from a favourite Ode of Horace.—Another (or perhaps the same) hand, has obligingly furnished us with a Composition, which we have no doubt will be equally acceptable to the Citizen to whom it is addressed.

ODE TO THE DIRECTOR MERLIN.

HORACE, BOOK 1. ODE 5.

Who now from Naples, Rome; or Berlin,
 Creeps to thy blood-stain'd den, O Merlin,
 With diplomatic gold? to whom
 Dost thou give audience *en costume*?

King-Citizen!—How sure each state,
 That bribes thy love, shall feel thy hate;

AD PYRRHAM.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
 Cui flavam religas comam,

Simplex Munditiis? Heu quoties fidem
 Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera

Shall see the Democratic storm
Her Commerce, Laws, and Arts deform.

How credulous, to hope the bribe
Could purchase peace from Merlin's tribe!
Whom faithless as the waves or wind,
No oaths restrain, no treaties bind.

For us—beneath yon SACRED ROOF,
The NAVAL FLAGS and Arms of Proof
By British Valour nobly bought,
Shew how true safety must be sought!

*Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,*

*Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ :
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
Sperat : nescius auræ
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus*

*Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat, uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.*

No. XXX.

June 4.

OUR ingenious Correspondent, Mr. HIGGINS, has not been idle. The deserved popularity of the Extracts, which we have been enabled to give from his two Didactic Poems, the PROGRESS OF MAN, and the LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES, has obtained for us the communication of several other works which he has in hand, all framed upon the same principle, and directed to the same end. The propagation of the New System of Philosophy forms, as he has himself candidly avowed to us, the main object of all his writings: a system comprehending not Politics only, and Religion, but Morals and Manners, and generally whatever goes to the composition or holding together of Human Society. In all of which a total change and revolution is absolutely necessary (as he contends) for the advancement of our common nature to its true dignity, and to the summit of that perfection which the combination of matter, called MAN, is by its innate energies capable of attaining.

Of this System, while the sublimer and more scientific branches are to be taught by the splendid and striking medium of Didactic Poetry, or *ratiocination in rhyme*, illustrated with such paintings and portraitures of Essences and their Attributes, as may

lay hold of the imagination, while they perplex the judgment ;—the more ordinary parts, such as relate to the conduct of common life, and the regulation of social feelings, are naturally the subject of a less elevated style of writing ;—of a style which speaks to the eye, as well as to the ear ;—in short, of Dramatic Poetry and Scenic Representation.

“ With this view,” says Mr. HIGGINS (for we love to quote the very words of this extraordinary and indefatigable writer), “ with this view,” says he, in a letter dated from his study in St. Mary-Axe, the window of which looks upon the parish pump— “ with this view, I have turned my thoughts more particularly to “ the German Stage, and have composed, in imitation of the “ most popular pieces of that country, which have already met “ with so general reception and admiration in this,—a Play : “ which if it has a proper run, will, I think, do much to unhinge “ the present notions of men with regard to the obligations of “ Civil Society ; and to substitute, in lieu of a sober contentment, “ and regular discharge of the duties incident to each man’s particular situation, a wild desire of undefinable latitude and extravagance,—an aspiration after shapeless somethings, that can “ neither be described nor understood,—a contemptuous disgust “ at all that *is*, and a persuasion that nothing is as it ought to “ be ;—to operate, in short, a general discharge of every man “ (in his own estimation) from every tie which laws divine or “ human, which local customs, immemorial habits, and multiplied

“ which the great experiment of regeneration has been tried with
“ any thing like a fair chance of success.

“ Destroy the frame of society,—decompose its parts,—and
“ set the elements fighting one against another,—insulated and
“ individual,—every man for himself (stripped of prejudice, of
“ bigotry, and of feeling for others) against the remainder of his
“ species ;—and there is then some hope of a totally new *order*
“ *of things*,—of a *Radical Reform* in the present corrupt System
“ of the World.

“ The German Theatre appears to proceed on this judicious
“ plan : and I have endeavoured to contribute my mite towards
“ extending its effect and its popularity. There is one obvious
“ advantage attending this mode of teaching ;—that it can pro-
“ portion the infractions of law, religion, or morality, which it
“ recommends, to the capacity of a reader, or spectator. If you
“ tell a student, or an apprentice, or a merchant’s clerk, of the
“ virtue of a Brutus, or of the splendour of a La Fayette, you
“ may excite his *desire* to be equally conspicuous ; but how is he
“ to set about it? Where is he to find the tyrant to murder?
“ How is he to provide the monarch to be imprisoned, and the
“ national guards to be reviewed on a white horse?—But paint
“ the beauties of *forgery* to him in glowing colours ;—shew him
“ that the presumption of virtue is in favour of rapine, and occa-
“ sional murder on the highway ;—and he presently understands
“ you. The highway is at hand—the till, or the counter is within

“ reach. These *haberdashers’ heroics* come home to the business
“ and the bosoms of men. And you may readily make ten *foot-*
“ *pads*, where you would not have materials nor opportunity for
“ single *tyrannicide*.

“ The subject of the piece, which I herewith transmit to you,
“ is taken from common, or middling life; and its merit, is that
“ of teaching the most lofty truths in the most humble style, and
“ deducing them from the most ordinary occurrences. Its moral
“ is obvious and easy; and is one frequently inculcated by the
“ German Dramas which I have had the good fortune to see;
“ being no other than “ *the reciprocal duties of one or more hus-*
“ *bands to one or more wives, and to the children who may happen to*
“ *arise out of this complicated and endearing connection.*” The plot,
“ indeed, is formed by the combination of the plots of *two* of the
“ most popular of these plays (in the same way as Terence was
“ wont to combine two stories of Menander’s). The characters
“ are such as the admirers of these plays will recognize for their
“ familiar acquaintances. There are the usual ingredients of im-
“ prisonments, post-houses, and horns, and appeals to angels and
“ devils. I have omitted only the *swearing*, to which English
“ ears are not yet sufficiently accustomed.

“ I transmit at the same time a *Prologue*, which in some degree
“ breaks the matter to the audience. About the song of Rogero,
“ at the end of the first Act, I am less anxious than about any
“ other part of the performance, as it is, in fact, literally translated

“ from the composition of a young German friend of mine, an
“ *Illuminé*, of whom I bought the original for three and sixpence.
“ It will be a satisfaction to those of your Readers, who may not
“ at first sight hit upon the tune, to learn, that it is setting by a
“ hand of the first eminence.—I send also a rough sketch of the
“ plot, and a few occasional notes.—The *Geography* is by the
“ young Gentleman of the Morning Chronicle.”

P R O L O G U E,

IN CHARACTER.

Too long the triumphs of our early times,
 With civil discord, and with regal crimes,
 Have stain'd these boards ; while Shakspeare's pen has shewn
 Thoughts, manners, men, to modern days unknown.
 Too long have Rome and Athens been *the rage* ; [*Applause.*
 And classic Buskins soil'd a British Stage.

To-night our Bard, who scorns pedantic rules,
 His Plot has borrow'd from the German schools ;
 —The German schools—where no dull maxims bind
 The bold expansion of the electric mind.
 Fix'd to no period, circled by no space,
 He leaps the flaming bounds of time and place :
 Round the dark confines of the forest raves,
 With *gentle* Robbers * stocks his gloomy caves ;
 Tells how prime Ministers † are shocking things,
 And *reigning Dukes* as bad as tyrant Kings ;

* See the "*Robbers*," a German tragedy, in which Robbery is put in so fascinating a light, that the whole of a German University went upon the highway in consequence of it.

† See "*Cabal and Love*," a German tragedy, very severe against Prime Ministers,

How to *two* swains * *one* nymph her vows may give,
 And how *two* damsels * with *one* lover live !
 Delicious scenes !—such scenes *our* Bard displays,
 Which, crown'd with German, sue for British, praise.

Slow are the steeds, that through Germania's roads
 With hempen rein the slumbering post-boy goads ;—
 Slow is the slumbering post-boy, who proceeds
 Through deep sands floundering, on those tardy steeds ;
 More slow, more tedious, from his husky throat
 Twangs through the twisted horn the struggling note.

These truths confess'd—Oh ! yet, ye travell'd few,
 Germania's *Plays* with eyes unjaundiced view !
 View and approve !—though in each passage fine
 The faint translation ** mock the genuine line ;

and reigning Dukes of Brunswick.—This admirable performance very judiciously reprobates the hire of German troops for the *American* War in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—a practice which would undoubtedly have been highly discreditable to that wise and patriotic Princess, not to say wholly unnecessary, there being no *American* War at that particular time.

* See the “ *Stranger* ; or, Reform'd Housekeeper,” in which the former of these morals is beautifully illustrated ;—and “ *Stella*,” a genteel German comedy, which ends with placing a man *bodkin* between *two wives*, like *Thames* between his *two banks*, in the Critic. Nothing can be more edifying than these two Dramas. I am shocked to hear that there are some people who think them ridiculous.

Though the nice ear the erring sight belie,
 For *U twice dotted* is pronounced like *I*;** [Applause.
 Yet oft the scene shall Nature's fire impart,
 Warm *from* the breast, and glowing *to* the heart!

Ye travell'd few, attend!—On *you* our Bard
 Builds his fond hope! Do you his genius guard! [Applause.
 Nor let succeeding generations say
 —A British Audience *damn'd* a German Play!
 [Loud and continued Applauses.

Flash of Lightning.—The Ghost of PROLOGUE'S GRANDMOTHER by the Father's side, appears to soft music, in a white tiffany riding-hood. PROLOGUE kneels to receive her blessing, which she gives in a solemn and affecting manner, the Audience clapping and crying all the while.—Flash of Lightning.—PROLOGUE and his GRANDMOTHER sink through the trap-door.

** These are the warnings very properly given to Readers, to beware how they judge of what they cannot understand. Thus, if the translation runs "*lightning of my soul, fulguration of angels, sulphur of hell*;" we should recollect that this is not coarse or strange in the German language, when applied by a lover to his mistress; but the English has nothing precisely parallel to the original Mulychause Archangelichen, which means rather *emanation of the archangelican nature*—or to Smellmynkern Vankelfer, which, if literally rendered, would signify *made of stuff of the same odour whereof the Devil makes flambeaux*. See Schüttenbrüch on the German Idiom.

THE ROVERS;

OR,

THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene represents a Room at an Inn, at Weimar—On one side of the Stage the Bar Room, with Jellies, Lemons in Nets, Syllabubs, and part of a cold roast Fowl, &c. —On the opposite side a Window looking into the Street, through which Persons (Inhabitants of Weimar) are seen passing to and fro in apparent agitation—Matilda appears in a Great Coat and Riding Habit, seated at the corner of the Dinner Table, which is covered with a clean Huckaback Cloth—Plates and Napkins, with Buck's-Horn-handled Knives and Forks, are laid as if for four Persons.

MATILDA.

Is it impossible for me to have dinner sooner?

Land. Madam, the Brunswick post-waggon is not yet come in, and the Ordinary is never before two o'clock.

Mat. [*with a look expressive of disappointment, but immediately recomposing herself.*] Well, then, I must have patience. [*Exit Landlady.*] Oh Casimere!—How often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation!—What a difference, alas!—Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret

it not!—It returns again with the return of appetite.—The beef of to-morrow will succeed to the mutton of to-day, as the mutton of to-day succeeded to the veal of yesterday.—But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another. How easily are our desires transferred from dish to dish!—Love only, dear, delusive, delightful Love, restrains our wandering appetites, and confines them to a particular gratification!

Post-horn blows,—Re-enter Landlady.

Land. Madam, the post-waggon is come in with only a single gentlewoman.

Mat. Then shew her up—and let us have dinner instantly; [*Landlady going*] and remember—[*after a moment's recollection, and with great eagerness*—remember the toasted cheese.

[*Exit Landlady.*

Cecilia enters, in a brown Cloth Riding-dress, as if just alighted from the Post-waggon.

Mat. Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

Cec. The way was dusty, Madam, but the weather was delightful. It recall'd to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated through my soul.

Mat. [*Aside*] Thank Heaven! I have at last found a heart

which is in unison with my own [*to Cecilia*—Yes, I understand you—the first pulsation of sentiment—the silver tones upon the yet unsounded harp.

Cec. The dawn of life—when this blossom [*putting her hand upon her heart*] first expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of Love!

Mat. Yes—the time—the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another!—The blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum!—

Cec. Your countenance grows animated, my dear Madam.

Mat. And yours too is glowing with illumination.

Cec. I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit!—my heart was withered—but the beams of yours have rekindled it.

Mat. A sudden thought strikes me—Let us swear an eternal friendship.

Cec. Let us agree to live together!

Mat. Willingly. [*with rapidity and earnestness.*

Cec. Let us embrace. [*they embrace.*

Mat. Yes; I too have loved!—you, too, like me, have been forsaken! [*doubtingly, and as if with a desire to be informed.*

Cec. Too true!

Both. Ah, these men! these men!

Landlady enters, and places a leg of mutton on the table, with sour krout and pruin sauce—then a small dish of black puddings.— Cecilia and Matilda appear to take no notice of her.

Mat. Oh Casimere!

Cec. [*Aside*] Casimere! that name!—Oh my heart, how it is distracted with anxiety.

Mat. Heavens! Madam, you turn pale.

Cec. Nothing—a slight megrim—with your leave, I will retire—

Mat. I will attend you.

[Exeunt Matilda and Cecilia. Manent Landlady and Waiter, with the dinner on the table.]

Land. Have you carried the dinner to the prisoner in the vaults of the abbey?

Waiter. Yes.—Pease-soup, as usual—with the scrag-end of a neck of mutton—the emissary of the Count was here again this morning, and offered me a large sum of money if I would consent to poison him.

Land. Which you refused? [*with hesitation and anxiety.*

Waiter. Can you doubt it? [*with indignation.*

Land. [*recovering herself, and drawing up with an expression of dignity*] The conscience of a poor man is as valuable to him as that of a prince.

Waiter. It ought to be still more so, in proportion as it is generally more pure.

Land. Thou say'st truly, Job.

Waiter. [*with enthusiasm*] He who can spurn at wealth when proffer'd as the price of crime, is greater than a prince.

Post-horn blows. Enter Casimere (in a travelling dress—a light blue great coat with large metal buttons—his hair in a long queue, but twisted at the end; a large Kevenhuller hat; a cane in his hand.)

Cas. Here, Waiter, pull off my boots, and bring me a pair of slippers. [*Exit Waiter*] And heark'ye, my lad, a bason of water [*rubbing his hands*] and a bit of soap—I have not washed since I began my journey.

Waiter. [*answering from behind the door*] Yes, Sir.

Cas. Well, Landlady, what company are we to have?

Land. Only two gentlewomen, Sir.—They are just stepp'd into the next room—they will be back again in a minute.

Cas. Where do they come from?

[All this while the Waiter re-enters with the bason and water, Casimere pulls off his boots, takes a napkin from the table, and washes his face and hands.]

Land. There is one of them, I think, comes from Nuremburgh.

Cas. [*Aside*] From Nuremburgh; [*with eagerness*] her name?

Land. Matilda.

Cas. [*Aside*] How does this idiot woman torment me!—What else?

Land. I can't recollect.

Cas. Oh agony!

[in a paroxysm of agitation.]

Waiter. See here, her name upon the travelling trunk—Matilda Pottingen.

Cas. Ecstasy! ecstasy! *[embracing the Waiter.*

Land. You seem to be acquainted with the lady—shall I call her?

Cas. Instantly—instantly—tell her, her loved, her long lost—tell her—

Land. Shall I tell her dinner is ready?

Cas. Do so—and in the mean while I will look after my port-manteau. *[Exeunt severally.*

Scene changes to a subterraneous Vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh ;—with coffins, 'scutcheons, Death's heads and cross-bones.—Toads, and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the Stage.—Rogero appears in chains, in a suit of rusty armour, with his beard grown, and a cap of a grotesque form upon his head.—Beside him a crock, or pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the caverns.—Rogero rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.

Rog. Eleven years! it is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living sepulchrè—the cruelty of a Minister—the perfidy of a Monk—yes, Matilda! for thy sake—alive amidst the dead—chained—coffined—confined—cut off from the converse of my fellow-men.—Soft!—what have we here? *[stumbles over a bundle of sticks]* This cavern is so dark, that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh!—the register of my

captivity—Let me see, how stands the account? [*takes up the sticks, and turns them over with a melancholy air ; then stands silent for a few moments, as if absorbed in calculation*] Eleven years and fifteen days!—Hah! the twenty-eighth of August! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart! It was on this day that I took my last leave of my Matilda. It was a summer evening—her melting hand seemed to dissolve in mine, as I pressed it to my bosom—Some demon whispered me that I should never see her more.—I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away for ever.—The tears were petrified under my eyelids.—My heart was crystallized with agony.—Anon, I looked along the road.—The Diligence seemed to diminish every instant.—I felt my heart beat against its prison, as if anxious to leap out and overtake it.—My soul whirled round as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels.—A long trail of glory followed after her, and mingled with the dust—it was the emanation of Divinity, luminous with love and beauty—like the splendour of the setting sun—but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk for ever—Yes, here in the depths of an eternal dungeon—in the nursing cradle of hell—the suburbs of perdition—in a nest of demons, where despair, in vain, sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope ; where agony wooes the embrace of death ; where patience, beside the bottomless pool of despondency, sits angling for impossibilities—Yet even *here*, to behold her, to embrace her—Yes, Matilda, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and

spiders, or in a royal palace, amidst the more loathsome reptiles of a Court, would be indifferent to me—Angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads—while fiends would envy the eternity of suffering love Soft, what air was that? it seemed a sound of more than human warblings—Again [*listens attentively for some minutes*—Only the wind—It is well, however—it reminds me of that melancholy air, which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity—Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar. [*Takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the following Air, with a full accompaniment of Violins from the Orchestra.*

[AIR, *Lanterna Magica.*]

SONG,

BY ROGERO.

I.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
 I think of those companions true
 Who studied with me at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,—
 —niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—*

II.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,

Which once my love sat knotting in!—

Alas! Matilda *then* was true!— .

At least I thought so at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line, Rogero clanks his chains in cadence*

III.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,

Her neat post-waggon trotting in!

Ye bore Matilda from my view;

Forlorn I languish'd at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen

IV.

This faded form! this pallid hue!

This blood my veins is clotting in,

My years are many—they were few

When first I enter'd at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

V.

There first for thee my passion grew,
 Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
 Thou wast the daughter of my Tu—
 —tor, Law Professor at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen—
 —niversity of Gottingen.

VI.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
 That kings and priests are plotting in:
 Here doom'd to starve on water gru—
 —el* never shall I see the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen—
 —niversity of Gottingen.—

[During the last Stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops—the music still continuing to play, till it is wholly fallen.]

* A manifest error—since it appears, from the Waiter's conversation (p. 186), that Rogero was not doomed to starve on water-gruel, but on pease-soup; which is a much better thing. Possibly the length of Rogero's imprisonment had impaired his memory; or he might wish to make things appear worse than they really were; which is very natural, I think, in such a case as this poor unfortunate gentleman's.

Printer's Devil.

totally dissimilar from the originals, Mr. H. may undoubtedly have been led into error ; but the fault is in the translators, not in him. That he does not differ widely from the models which he proposed to himself, we have it in our power to prove satisfactorily ; and might have done so in our last Number, by subjoining to each particular passage of his play, the scene in some one or other of the German plays, which he had in view when he wrote it. These parallel passages were faithfully pointed out to us by Mr. H. with that candour which marks his character ; and if they were suppressed by us, (as in truth they were) on our heads be the blame, whatever it may be. Little, indeed, did we think of the imputation which the omission would bring upon Mr. H. as in fact, our principal reason for it, was the apprehension, that from the extreme closeness of the imitation in most instances, he would lose in praise for invention, more than he would gain in credit for fidelity.

The meeting between Matilda and Cecilia, for example, in the first act of the “ *Rovers*,” and their sudden intimacy, has been censured as unnatural. Be it so. It is taken *almost word for word*, from “ *Stella*,” a German (or professedly a German) piece now much in vogue ; from which also the catastrophe of Mr. HIGGINS’S play is in part borrowed, so far as relates to the agreement to which the Ladies come, as the Reader will see by and by, to share Casimere between them.

The dinner scene is copied partly from the published tran-

slation of the "*Stranger*," and partly from the first scene of "*Stella*." The song of Rogero, with which the first act concludes, is admitted on all hands to be in the very first taste; and if no German original is to be found for it, so much the worse for the credit of German literature.

An objection has been made by one anonymous letter-writer, to the names of Puddingfield and Beefington, as little likely to have been assigned to English characters by any author of taste or discernment. In answer to this objection, we have, in the first place to admit, that a small, and we hope not an unwarrantable alteration has been made by us since the MS. has been in our hands.—These names stood originally Puddincrantz and Beefinstern, which sounded to our ears as being liable, especially the latter, to a ridiculous inflection—a difficulty that could only be removed by furnishing them with English terminations. With regard to the more substantial syllables of the names, our Author proceeded in all probability on the authority of Goldoni, who, though not a German, is an Italian writer of considerable reputation; and who, having heard that the English were distinguished for their love of liberty and beef, has judiciously compounded the two words *Runnymede* and *beef*, and thereby produced an English nobleman, whom he styles *Lord Runnybeef*.

To dwell no longer on particular passages—the best way perhaps of explaining the whole scope and view of Mr. H.'s imitation, will be to transcribe the short sketch of the plot, which

that Gentleman transmitted to us, together with his Drama ; and which it is perhaps the more necessary to give at length, as the limits of our paper not allowing of the publication of the whole piece, some general knowledge of its main design may be acceptable to our Readers, in order to enable them to judge of the several Extracts which we lay before them.

P L O T.

Rogero, son of the late Minister of the Count of Saxe Weimar, having, while he was at college, fallen desperately in love with Matilda Pottingen, daughter of his tutor, Doctor Engelbertus Pottingen, Professor of Civil Law ; and Matilda evidently returning his passion, the Doctor, to prevent ill consequences, sends his daughter on a visit to her Aunt in Wetteravia, where she becomes acquainted with Casimere, a Polish Officer, who happens to be quartered near her Aunt's, and has several children by him.

Roderic, Count of Saxe Weimar, a Prince of tyrannical and licentious disposition, has for his Prime Minister and favourite, Gaspar, a crafty villain, who had risen to his post by first ruining, and then putting to death, Rogero's father.—Gaspar, apprehensive of the power and popularity which the young Rogero may enjoy at his return to Court, seizes the occasion of his intrigue with Matilda (of which he is apprized officially by Doctor Pottingen) to procure from his Master an order for the recall of Rogero from college, and for committing him to the care of the Prior of the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, a Priest, rapacious, savage, and sensual, and devoted to Gaspar's interests—sending at the same time private orders to the Prior to confine him in a dungeon.

Here Rogero languishes many years. His daily sustenance is administered to him through a grated opening at the top of a cavern, by the Landlady of the Golden Eagle at Weimar, with whom Gaspar contracts, in the Prince's name, for his support ; intending, and more than once endeavouring, to corrupt the Waiter to mingle poison with the food, in order that he may get rid of Rogero for ever.

In the mean time Casimere, having been called away from the neighbourhood of Matilda's residence to other quarters, becomes enamoured of, and marries Cecilia, by whom he has a family; and whom he likewise deserts after a few years co-habitation, on pretence of business which calls him to Kamtschatka.

Doctor Pottingen, now grown old and infirm, and feeling the want of his daughter's society, sends young Pottingen in search of her, with strict injunctions not to return without her; and to bring with her either her present lover Casimere, or, should that not be possible, Rogero himself, if he can find him; the Doctor having set his heart upon seeing his children comfortably settled before his death. Matilda, about the same period, quits her Aunt's in search of Casimere; and Cecilia having been advertised (by an anonymous letter) of the falsehood of his Kamtschatka journey, sets out in the post-waggon on a similar pursuit.

It is at this point of time the Play opens—with the accidental meeting of Cecilia and Matilda at the Inn at Weimar. Casimere arrives there soon after, and falls in first with Matilda, and then with Cecilia. Successive *éclaircissemens* take place, and an arrangement is finally made, by which the two Ladies are to live jointly with Casimere.

Young Pottingen, wearied with a few weeks search, during which he has not been able to find either of the objects of it, resolves to stop at Weimar, and wait events there. It so happens, that he takes up his lodging in the same house with Puddincrantz and Beefinstern, two English Nobleimen, whom the tyranny of King John has obliged to fly from their country; and who, after wandering about the Continent for some time, have fixed their residence at Weimar.

The news of the signature of Magna Charta arriving, determines Puddincrantz and Beefinstern to return to England. Young Pottingen opens his case to them, and intreats them to stay to assist him in the object of his search.—This they refuse; but coming to the Inn where they are to set off for Hamburgh, they meet Casimere, from whom they had both received many civilities in Poland.

Casimere, by this time tired of his "DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT," and having learned from the Waiter that Rogero is confined in the vaults of the neighbouring Abbey *for love*, resolves to attempt his rescue, and to make over Matilda to him as the price of his deliverance. He communicates his scheme to Puddingfield and

Beefington, who agree to assist him ; as also does young Pottingen. The Waiter of the Inn proving to be a *Knight Templar* in disguise, is appointed leader of the expedition. A band of Troubadours, who happen to be returning from the Crusades, and a Company of Austrian and Prussian Grenadiers returning from the Seven Years' War, are engaged as troops.

The attack on the Abbey is made with success. The Count of Weimar and Gaspar, who are feasting with the Prior, are seized and beheaded in the Refectory. The Prior is thrown into the dungeon, from which Rogero is rescued. Matilda and Cecilia rush in. The former recognizes Rogero, and agrees to live with him. The Children are produced on all sides—and young Pottingen is commissioned to write to his father, the Doctor, to detail the joyful events which have taken place, and to invite him to Weimar, to partake of the general felicity.

THE ROVERS ;

OR,

THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

ACT II.

Scene—a Room in an ordinary Lodging-House, at Weimar.—Puddingfield and Beefington discovered, sitting at a small deal table, and playing at All-Fours.—Young Pottingen, at another table in the corner of the room, with a pipe in his mouth, and a Saxon mug of a singular shape beside him, which he repeatedly applies to his lips, turning back his head, and casting his eyes towards the Firmament—at the last trial he holds the mug for some moments in a directly inverted position ; then replaces it on the table, with an air of dejection, and gradually sinks into a profound slumber.—The pipe falls from his hand, and is broken.—

Beef. I beg.

Pudd. [*deals three cards to Beefington*] Are you satisfied ?

Beef. Enough. What have you ?

Pudd. High—Low—and the Game.

Beef. Damnation! 'tis my deal. [*deals—turns up a knave*] One for his heels! [*triumphantly.*]

Pudd. Is king highest?

Beef. No. [*sternly*] The game is mine. The knave gives it me.

Pudd. Are knaves so prosperous?

Ay, marry are they in this world. They have the game in their hands. Your kings are but *noddies** to them.

Pudd. Ha! Ha! Ha!—Still the same proud spirit, Beefington, which procured thee thine exile from England.

Beef. England! my native land!—when shall I revisit thee?

[*during this time Puddingfield deals, and begins to arrange his hand.*]

Beef. [*continues*] Phoo—Hang All-Fours; what are they to a mind ill at ease?—Can they cure the heart-ache?—Can they sooth banishment?—Can they lighten ignominy?—Can All-Fours do this?—O! my Puddingfield, thy limber and lightsome spirit

* This is an excellent joke in German; the point and spirit of which is but ill-*Rendered* in a translation. A *NODDY*, the Reader will observe, has two significations—the one a *knave at All-Fours*: the other a *fool*, or *booby*. See the translation by Mr. Render of *Count Benyowsky*, or *the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka*, a German Tragi-Comi-Comi-Tragedy; where the play opens with a scene of a Game at Chess, (from which the whole of this scene is copied) and a joke of the same point and merriment about Pawns, i. e. Boors, being a *match* for Kings.

bounds up against affliction—with the elasticity of a well-bent bow; but mine—O! mine—

[falls into an agony, and sinks back in his chair. Young Pottingen awakened by the noise, rises, and advances with a grave demeanour towards Beefington and Puddingfield. The former begins to recover.]

Y. Pot. What is the matter, Comrades? *—you seem agitated. Have you lost or won?

Beef. Lost.—I have lost my country.

Y. Pot. And I my sister.—I came hither in search of her.

Beef. O, England!

Y. Pot. O, Matilda!

Beef. Exiled by the tyranny of an Usurper, I seek the means of revenge, and of restoration to my country.

Y. Pot. Oppressed by the tyranny of an Abbot, persecuted by the jealousy of a Count, the betrothed husband of my sister languishes in a loathsome captivity—Her lover is fled no one knows whither—and I, her brother, am torn from my paternal roof, and from my studies in chirurgery, to seek him and her, I know not where—to rescue Rogero, I know not how. Comrades, your counsel—my search fruitless—my money gone—my baggage stolen! What am I to do?—In yonder Abbey—in these dark,

* This word in the original is strictly *fellow-lodgers*—“*Co-occupants of the same room, in a house let out at a small rent by the week.*”—There is no single word in English which expresses so complicated a relation, except, perhaps, the cant term of *Chum*, formerly in use at our Universities.

dank vaults, there, my friends—there lies Rogero—there Matilda's heart—

SCENE II.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. Sir, here is a person who desires to speak with you.

Beef. [*goes to the door, and returns with a letter, which he opens—on perusing it his countenance becomes illuminated, and expands prodigiously*] Hah, my friend, what joy!

[*turning to Puddingfield.*

Pudd. What? tell me—let your Puddingfield partake it.

Beef. See here—

[*produces a printed paper.*

Pudd. What?—

[*with impatience.*

Beef. [*in a significant tone*] A newspaper!

Pudd. Hah, what sayst thou!—A newspaper!

Beef. Yes, Puddingfield, and see here, [*shews it partially*] from England.

Pudd. [*with extreme earnestness*] Its name!

Beef. The Daily Advertiser—

Pudd. Oh ecstasy!

Beef. [*with a dignified severity*] Puddingfield, calm yourself—repress those transports—remember that you are a man.

Pudd. [*after a pause with suppressed emotion*] Well, I will be—I am calm—yet tell me, Beefington, does it contain any news?

Beef. Glorious news, my dear Puddingfield—the Barons are victorious—King John has been defeated—Magna Charta, that venerable, immemorial inheritance of Britons, was signed last Friday was three weeks, the third of July Old Style.

Pudd. I can scarce believe my ears—but let me satisfy my eyes—shew me the paragraph.

Beef. Here it is, just above the advertisements.

Pudd. [*reads*] “ The great demand for Packwood’s Razor Straps”—

Beef. ’Pshaw! what, ever blundering—you drive me from my patience—see here, at the head of the column.

Pudd. [*reads*] “ A hireling Print, devoted to the Court,
 “ Has dared to question our veracity
 “ Respecting the events of yesterday ;
 “ But by to-day’s accounts, our information
 “ Appears to have been perfectly correct..
 “ The Charter of our Liberties received
 “ The Royal signature at five o’clock,
 “ When Messengers were instantly dispatch’d
 “ To Cardinal Pandulfo ; and their Majesties,
 “ After partaking of a cold collation,
 “ Return’d to Windsor.”—I am satisfied.

Beef. Yet here again—there are some further particulars [*turns to another part of the Paper*] “ Extract of a Letter from Egham
 —“ My dear friend, we are all here in high spirits—the inte-

“resting event which took place this morning at Runnymede, in
“the neighbourhood of this town”—

Pudd. Hah! Runnymede—enough—no more—my doubts are
vanished—then are we free indeed!—

Beef. I have, besides, a letter in my pocket from our friend,
the immortal Bacon, who has been appointed Chancellor.—Our
outlawry is reversed!—What says my friend—shall we return by
the next packet?

Pudd. Instantly, instantly!

Both. Liberty!—Adelaide!—revenge!

*[Exit—Young Pottingen following, and waving his hat, but obviously
without much consciousness of the meaning of what has passed.]*

Scene changes to the outside of the Abbey. A summer's evening—moonlight. Companies of Austrian and Prussian Grenadiers march across the stage, confusedly, as if returning from the Seven Years' War. Shouts, and martial music. The Abbey gates are opened. The Monks are seen passing in procession, with the Prior at their head. The choir is heard chanting vespers. After which a pause. Then a bell is heard, as if ringing for supper. Soon after, a noise of singing and jollity.

Enter from the Abbey, pushed out of the gates by the Porter, a Troubadour, with a bundle under his cloak, and a Lady under his arm. Troubadour seems much in liquor, but caresses the Female Minstrel.

Fem. Min. Trust me, Gieronymo, thou seemest melancholy.
What hast thou got under thy cloak?

Trou. 'Pshaw, women will be inquiring. Melancholy! not I.—I will sing thee a song, and the subject of it shall be thy question—"what have I got under my cloak?" It is a riddle, Margaret—I learnt it of an Almanac-maker at Gotha—if thou guessest it after the first stanza, thou shalt have never a drop for thy pains. Hear me—and, d'ye mark! twirl thy thingumbob while I sing.

Fem. Min. 'Tis a pretty tune, and hums dolefully.

[plays on the balalaika. Troubadour sings.]*

I bear a secret comfort *here*,

[putting his hand on the bundle, but without shewing it.]

A joy I'll ne'er impart;

It is not wine, it is not beer,

But it consoles my heart.

Fem. Min. [interrupting him] I'll be hang'd if you don't mean the bottle of cherry-brandy that you stole out of the vaults in the Abbey cellar.

Trou. I mean!—Peace, wench, thou disturbest the current of my feelings—

[Fem. Min. attempts to lay hold of the bottle. Troubadour pushes her aside, and continues singing without interruption.]

* The balalaika is a Russian instrument, resembling the guitar.—See the Play of "Count Benjowsky," *Rendered into English.*

This cherry-bounce, this lov'd noyau,
 My drink for ever be ;
 But, sweet my love, thy wish forego,
 I'll give no drop to thee !

[*Both together.*]

Trou. { This } cherry-bounce { this } lov'd noyau,
F. M. { That } { that }

Trou. { My } drink for ever be ;
F. M. { Thy }

Trou. } But, sweet my love, { thy wish forego !
F. M. } { one drop bestow.

Trou. { I } keep it all for { me !
F. M. { Nor } { thee !

[*Excunt struggling for the bottle, but without anger or animosity, the Fem.*

Min. appearing, by degrees, to obtain a superiority in the contest.

End of Act II.

Act the Third—contains the *eclaircissemens* and final arrangement between Casimere, Matilda, and Cecilia ; which so nearly resemble the concluding Act of “ *Stella*,” that we forbear to lay it before our Readers.

ACT IV.

Scene—the Inn door—Diligence drawn up. Casimere appears superintending the package of his Portmanteaus, and giving directions to the Porters.

Enter Beefington and Puddingfield.

Pudd. Well, Coachey, have you got two inside places?

Coach. Yes, your Honour.

Pudd. [*seems to be struck with Casimere's appearance. He surveys him earnestly, without paying any attention to the Coachman, then doubtingly pronounces*] Casimere!

Cas. [*turning round rapidly, recognizes Puddingfield, and embraces him.*]

Cas. My Puddingfield!

Pudd. My Casimere!

Cas. What, Beefington too! [*discovering him*] then is my joy complete.

Beef. Our fellow-traveller, as it seems.

Cas. Yes, Beefington—but wherefore to Hamburgh?

Beef. Oh, Casimere *—to fly—to fly—to return—England—

* See "*Count Benyowsky, or, the Conspiracy of Kamschatka,*" where Crustiew, an old gentleman of much sagacity, talks the following nonsense.

Crustiew. [*with youthful energy and an air of secrecy and confidence*] "To fly, to fly, to the Isles of Marian—the island of Tinian—a terrestrial paradise. Free—free—a mild climate—a new created sun—wholesome fruits—harmless inhabitants—and Liberty—tranquillity."

our country—Magna Charta—it is liberated—a new æra—
House of Commons—Crown and Anchor—Opposition—

Cas. What a contrast! you are flying to Liberty and your home—I, driven from my home by tyranny—am exposed to domestic slavery in a foreign country.

Beef. How domestic slavery?

Cas. Too true—two wives [*slowly, and with a dejected air—then after a pause*—you knew my Cecilia?

Pudd. Yes, five years ago.

Cas. Soon after that period I went upon a visit to a Lady in Wetteravia—my Matilda was under her protection—alighting at a peasant's cabin, I saw her on a charitable visit, spreading bread and butter for the children, in a light blue riding habit. The simplicity of her appearance—the fineness of the weather—all conspired to interest me—my heart moved to hers—as if by a magnetic sympathy—we wept, embraced, and went home together—she became the mother of my Pantalowsky. But five years of enjoyment have not stifled the reproaches of my conscience—her Rogero is languishing in captivity—if I could restore her to *him*!

Beef. Let us rescue him.

Cas. Will without power, * is like children playing at soldiers.

Beef. Courage without power, † is like a consumptive running footman.

* See "*Count Benyowsky*," as before.

† See "*Count Benyowsky*."

Cas. Courage without power is a contradiction.*—Ten brave men might set all Quedlinburgh at defiance.

Beef. Ten brave men—but where are they to be found?

Cas. I will tell you—marked you the Waiter?

Beef. The Waiter?— [doubtingly.]

Cas. [in a confidential tone] No Waiter, but a *Knight Templar*. Returning from the Crusade, he found his Order dissolved, and his person proscribed. He dissembled his rank, and embraced the profession of a Waiter. I have made sure of him already. There are, besides, an Austrian and a Prussian Grenadier. I have made them abjure their national enmity, and they have sworn to fight henceforth in the cause of Freedom. These, with Young Pottingen, the Waiter, and ourselves, make seven—the Troubadour, with his two attendant Minstrels, will complete the ten.

Beef. Now then for the execution. [with enthusiasm.]

Pudd. Yes, my boys—for the execution.

[clapping them on the back.]

Waiter. But hist! we are observed.

Trou. Let us by a song conceal our purposes.

* See "*Count Benyowsky*" again; from which Play this and the preceding references are taken word for word. We acquit the Germans of such reprobate silly stuff. It must be the translator's.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.*

Cas. Hist! hist! nor let the airs that blow
 From Night's cold lungs, our purpose know!
Pudd. Let Silence, mother of the dumb,
Beef. Press on each lip her palsied thumb!
Wait. Let Privacy, allied to Sin,
 That loves to haunt the tranquil inn—
Gren. } And Conscience start, when she shall view,
Trou. } The mighty deed we mean to do!

GENERAL CHORUS—*Con spirito.*

Then Friendship swear, ye faithful Bands,
 Swear to save a shackled hero!
 See where yon Abbey frowning stands!
 Rescue, rescue, brave Rogero!
Cas. Thrall'd in a Monkish tyrant's fetters,
 Shall great Rogero hopeless lie?
Y.Pot. In my pocket I have letters,
 Saying, "help me, or I die!"

* We believe this song to be copied, with a small variation in metre and meaning, from a song in "*Count Benyowsky*; or, the *Conspiracy of Kamtschatka*,"—where the conspirators join in a chorus, *for fear of being overheard*.

Allegro Allegretto.

Cas. Beef. Pudd. Gren. Trou. } Let us fly, let us fly,
Waiter, and Pot. with enthusiasm } Let us help, ere he die!
 [Exeunt omnes, waving their hats.

Scene—the Abbey gate, with ditches, drawbridges, and spikes. Time—about an hour before sunrise. The Conspirators appear as if in ambuscade, whispering, and consulting together, in expectation of the signal for attack. The Waiter is habited as a Knight Templar, in the dress of his Order, with the cross on his breast, and the scallop on his shoulder; Puddingfield and Beefington armed with blunderbusses and pocket pistols; the Grenadiers in their proper uniforms. The Troubadour, with his attendant Minstrels, bring up the rear—martial music—the Conspirators come forward, and present themselves before the gate of the Abbey.—Alarum—firing of pistols—the Convent appear in arms upon the walls—the drawbridge is let down—a body of Choristers and Lay-brothers attempt a sally, but are beaten back, and the Verger killed. The besieged attempt to raise the drawbridge—Puddingfield and Beefington press forward with alacrity, throw themselves upon the drawbridge, and by the exertion of their weight, preserve it in a state of depression—the other besiegers join them, and attempt to force the entrance, but without effect. Puddingfield makes the signal for the battering ram. Enter Quintus Curtius and Marcus Curius Dentatus, in their proper military habits, preceded by the Roman Eagle—the rest of their Legion are employed in bringing forward a battering ram, which plays for a few minutes to slow time, till the entrance is forced. After a short resistance, the besiegers rush in with shouts of victory.

Scene changes to the interior of the Abbey. The inhabitants of the Convent are seen flying in all directions.

The Count of Weimar and Prior, who had been feasting in the Refectory, are brought in manacled. The Count appears transported with rage, and gnaws his chains.

The Prior remains insensible, as if stupified with grief. Beefington takes the keys of the dungeon, which are hanging at the Prior's girdle, and makes a sign for them both to be led away into confinement.—Exeunt Prior and Count properly guarded. The rest of the Conspirators disperse in search of the dungeon where Rogero is confined.

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

No. XXXII.

JUNE 18.

We are indebted for the following Imitation of Catullus, to a literary Correspondent.

Whether it will remove the doubts we formerly expressed, of Citizen Muskein's acquaintance with the Classics, from the minds of our Readers, we cannot pretend to say. It is given to us as a faithful translation from the French—as such, we present it to our Readers; premising only, that though the Citizen Imitator seems to have Sans-cullottized the original in two or three places, yet he every where expresses himself with a naïveté and truth, in his verse, that we seek for in vain, in many of his Countrymen, who have recorded their victories and defeats in very vulgar prose

AN

AFFECTIONATE EFFUSION OF CITIZEN MUSKEIN,
TO HAVRE-DE-GRACE.

FAIREST of cities,* which the Seine
Surveys 'twixt Paris and the main,
Sweet Havre! sweetest Havre, hail!
How gladly, with my tatter'd sail,†

AD SIRMIONEM PENINSULAM.

* Peninsularum Sirmio, Insularumque,
Ocelle! quascunque in liquentibus stagnis,
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus;
† Quam te libenter, quamque lætus inviso,

Yet trembling from this wild adventure,
Do I thy friendly harbour enter !

Well—now I've leisure, let me see
What boats are left me ; one, two, three—
Bravo ! the better half remain ;
And all my Heroes are not slain.
And, if my senses don't deceive,
I too am safe,*—yes, I believe,
Without a wound I reach thy shore ;
(For I have felt myself all o'er)
I've all my limbs, and be it spoken
With honest triumph, no bone broken —

How pleasing is the sweet transition †
From this vile Gun-boat Expedition ;
From winds and waves, and wounds and scars,
From British Soldiers, British Tars,
To his own house, where, free from danger,
Muskein may live at rack and manger ;

*Vix mi ipse credens Thyniam, atque Bithynos
Liquisse campos,* et videre te in tuto.*

† *O quid solutis est beatius curis,
Quom mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,*

May stretch his limbs in his own cot,*
 Thankful he has not gone to pot;
 Nor for the bubble glory strive,
 But bless himself that he's alive!

Havre,† sweet Havre! hail again,
 O! bid thy sons (a frolic train,‡
 Who under Chenier welcomed in
 With dance and song, the *Guillotine*),
 In long possession seek the strand;
 For Muskein now prepares to land,
 'Scaped, Heaven knows how, from that cursed crew
 That haunt the Rocks of SAINT MARCOU.

* Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

† Salve! O venusta Sirmio! atque hero gaude!

Gaudete! vosque Lydiæ lacus undæ!

Ridete‡ quicquid est domi cachinnorum!

No. XXXIII.

June 25.

AFTER the splendid account of Buonaparte's successes in the East, which our Readers will find in another part of this Paper, and which they will peruse with equal wonder and apprehension, it is some consolation to us to have to state, not only from authority, but in verse, that our Government has not been behind hand with that of France; but that, aware of the wise and enterprising spirit of the Enemy, and of the danger which might arise to our distant possessions from the export of Learning and learned Men being entirely in their hands, Ministers have long ago determined on an expedition of a similar nature, and have actually embarked at Portsmouth, on board one of the East-India Company's ships, taken up for the purpose (the ship *Capricorn*, Mr. Thomas Truman, Commander), several tons of *Savans*, the growth of this country. The whole was conducted with the utmost secrecy and dispatch, and it was not till we were favoured with the following copy of a Letter, (obligingly communicated us by the Tunisian gentleman to whom it is addressed) that we had any suspicion of the extent and nature of the design, or, indeed, of any such design being in contemplation.

The several great names which are combined to render this

Expedition the most surprising and splendid ever undertaken, could not indeed have been spared from the country to which they are an ornament, for any other purpose, than one the most obviously connected with the interests of the empire, and the most widely beneficial to mankind.

The secrecy with which they have been withdrawn from the British Public, without being so much as missed, or inquired after, reflects the highest honour on the planners of the Enterprise. Even the celebrity of Doctor P—r has not led to any discovery, or investigation: the silent admirers of that great man have never once thought of asking what was become of him;—till it is now all at once come to light, that he has been for weeks past on ship-board, the brightest star in the bright constellation of talents, which stud the quarter-deck of the Capricorn, Mr. T. Truman (as before mentioned), Commander.

The resignation of the late worthy President of a certain Agricultural Board, might indeed have taught mankind to look for some extraordinary event in the world of science and adventure; and those who had the good fortune to see the deportation from his house, of the several wonderful anomalies which had for years formed its most distinguished inmates,—the stuffed ram, the dried boar, the cow with three horns, and other fanciful productions of a like nature, could not but speculate, with some degree of seriousness, on the purpose of their removal, and on the place of their destination.

It now appears, that there was in truth no light object in view. They were destined, with the rest of the *Savans*, on whom this Country prides itself (and long may it have reason to indulge the honest exultation), to undertake a voyage of no less grandeur than peril; to counteract the designs of the Directory, and to frustrate or forestall the Conquests of Buonaparte.

The young Gentleman who writes the following Letter to his Friend in London, is, as may be seen, interpreter to the Expedition. We have understood further, that he is nearly connected with the young man who writes for the Morning Chronicle, and conducts the *Critical*, *Argumentative*, and *Geographical* Departments.—Some say, it is the young man himself, who has assumed a feigned name, and, under the disguise of a Turkish dress and circumcision, is gone, at the express instigation of his employers, to improve himself in geographical knowledge. We have our doubts upon this subject, as we think we recognize the style of this deplorable young man, in an article of last week's Morning Chronicle, which we have had occasion to answer in a preceding column of our present Paper. Be that as it may, the information contained in the following Letter may be depended upon.

We cannot take leave of the subject, without remarking what a fine contrast and companion the Vessel and Cargo, described in the following Poem, affords to the "*NAVIS STULTIFERA*," the "*SHIPPE OF FOOLLES*" of the celebrated Barclay; and we cannot forbear hoping, that the *Argenis* of an Author of the same

name may furnish a hint for an account of this stupendous Expedition in a learned language, from the only pen which in modern days is capable of writing Latin with a purity and elegance worthy of so exalted a theme ; and that the Author of a classical *Preface* may become the Writer of a no less celebrated Voyage.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER, .

IN ORIENTAL CHARACTERS,

FROM BAWBA-DARA-ADUL-PHoola,

DRAGOMAN TO THE EXPEDITION,

TO NEEK-AWL-ARETCHID-KOOEZ,

SECRETARY TO THE TUNISIAN EMBASSY.

Dear Neek-Awl,

YOU'LL rejoice, that at length I am able
 To date these few lines from the Captain's own table.
 Mr. Truman himself, of his proper suggestion,
 Has, in favour of science, decided the question ;
 So we walk the main-deck, and are mess'd with the Captain ;
 I leave you to judge of the joy we are wrapt in.

At Spithead they embark'd us ; how precious a cargo !
 And we sail'd before day, to escape the embargo.
 There was Sh—b—h, the wonderful mathematician ;
 And D—rw—n, the poet, the sage, and physician ;
 There was B—dd—s, and Bru—n, and G—dw—n, whose trust is,
 He may part with his work on *Political Justice*
 To some Iman or Bonze, or Judaical Rabbin ;
 So with huge quarto volumes he piles up the cabin.
 There was great Doctor P—r, whom we style Bellendenus ;
 The Doctor and I have a hammock between us.
 'Tis a little unpleasant thus crowding together,
 On account of the motion, and heat of the weather ;
Two souls in one birth they oblige us to cram,
 And Sir John *will* insist on a place for his ram.
 Though the Doctor, I find, is determined to think
 'Tis the animal's hide that occasions the stink,
 In spite of the experienced opinion of Truman,
 Who contends that the scent is exclusively human.
 But B—dd—s and D—rw—n engage to repair
 This slight inconvenience with *oxygene air*.

Whither bound ? (you will ask) 'tis a question, my friend,
 On which I long doubted ; my doubt's at an end.
 To Arabia the Stony, Sabæa the Gummy,
 To the land where each man that you meet is a mummy ;

To the mouths of the Nile, to the banks of Araxes,
To the *Red*, and the *Yellow*, the *White*, and the *Black* seas,
With telescopes, globes, and a quadrant, and sextant,
And the works of all authors, whose writings are extant ;
With surveys and plans, topographical maps,
Theodolites, watches, spring-guns, and steel-traps,
Phials, crucibles, air-pumps, electric machinery,
And pencils for painting the natives and scenery.
In short, we are sent to oppose all we know,
To the knowledge and mischievous arts of the foe ;
Who, though placing in arms a well-grounded reliance,
Go to war with a flying artillery of science.

The French *Savans*, it seems, recommended this measure,
With a view to replenish the national treasure.
First, the true *Rights of Man* they will preach in all places,
But chief (when 'tis found) in the Egyptian Oasis :
And this doctrine, 'tis hoped, in a very few weeks
Will persuade the wild Arabs to murder their Cheiks ;
And, to aid the *Great Nation's* beneficent plans,
Plunder pyramids, catacombs, towns, caravans,
Then inlist under Arcole's gallant Commander,
Who will conquer the world like his model Iskander.
His army each day growing bolder and finer,
With the Turcoman tribes he subdues Asia Minor,

Beats Paul and his Scythians, his journey pursues
Cross the Indus, with tribes of Armenians, and Jews,
And Bucharians, and Affghans, and Persians, and Tartars,—
Chokes the wretched Mogul in his Grandmother's garters,
And will hang him to dry in the Luxemburg Hall,
'Midst the plunder of Carthage, and spoils of Bengal.

Such, we hear, was the plan: but I trust, if we meet 'em,
That, *Savant to Savant*, our Cargo will beat 'em,
Our plan of proceeding, I'll presently tell:—
But soft—I am call'd—I must bid you farewell.—
To attend on our *Savans* my pen I resign—
For, it seems, that they *duck* them on *crossing* the Line.

We deeply regret this interruption of our Oriental Poet, and the more so, as the Prose Letters which we have received from a less learned Correspondent, do not enable us to explain the tactics of our belligerent philosophers, so distinctly as we could have wished. It appears in general, that the learned Doctor who has the honour of sharing the hammock of the amiable Oriental, trusted principally to his superior knowledge in the Greek language, by means of which he hoped to entangle his antagonists in inextricable confusion. Doctor D——n proposed (as might be expected) his celebrated experiment of the ice-island, which, being towed on the coast of Africa, could not fail of spoiling the

climate, and immediately terrifying and embarrassing the sailors of Buonaparte's fleet, accustomed to the mild temperature and gentle gales of the Mediterranean, and therefore ill qualified to struggle with this new importation of tempests. Dr. B——s was satisfied with the project of communicating to Buonaparte a consumption, of the same nature with that which he formerly tried on himself, but superior in virulence, and therefore calculated to make the most rapid and fatal ravages in the hectic constitution of the Gallic Hero. The rest of the plan is quite unintelligible, excepting a hint about Sir J. S.'s intention of proceeding with his ram to the celebrated Oasis, and of bringing away, for the convenience of the Bank, the treasures contained in the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

No. XXXIV.

July 2.

O D E T O A J A C O B I N.

FROM SUCKLING'S ODE TO A LOVER.

U N C H R I S T I A N J A C O B I N whoever,
If of thy God thou cherish ever
One wavering thought ; if e'er his word
Has from one crime thy soul deterr'd :
 Know this,
 Thou think'st amiss ;
 And to think true,
Thou must renounce H I M all, and think anew.

If startled at the *Guillotine*
Trembling thou touch the dread machine ;
If, leading Sainted Louis to it,
Thy steps drew back, thy heart did rue it :
 Know this,
 Thou think'st amiss ;
 And to think true,
Must rise 'bove weak remorse, and think anew.

If, callous, thou dost not mistake,
And murder for mild Mercy's sake ;
And think thou followest Pity's call
When slaughter'd thousands round thee fall :
 Know this,
 Thou think'st amiss ;
 And to think true,
Must conquer Prejudice, and think anew.

If when good men are to be slain,
Thou hear'st them plead, nor plead in vain,
Or, when thou answerest, if it be
With one jot of humanity :
 Know this,
 Thou think'st amiss ;
 And to think true,
Must pardon leave to fools, and think anew.

If when all Kings, Priests, Nobles hated,
Lie headless, thy revenge is sated,
Nor thirsts to load the reeking block
With heads from thine own murd'rous flock ;
 Know this,
 Thou think'st amiss ;
 And to think true,
Thou must go on in blood, and think anew.

If thus, by love of executions,
Thou prov'st thee fit for Revolutions ;
Yet one atchieved, to *that* art true,
Nor would'st begin to change anew :
 Know this,
 Thou think'st amiss ;
 Deem, to think true,
All Constitutions bad, but those bran new.

No. XXXV.

JULY 9.

The following popular Song is said to be in great vogue among the Loyal Troops in the North of Ireland. The Air, and the turn of the Composition, are highly original. It is attributed (as our Correspondent informs us) to a Fifer in the Drumballyroney Volunteers.

BALLYNAHINCH.

A NEW SONG.

I.

A CERTAIN great Statesman, whom all of us know,
In a certain Assembly, no long while ago,
Declared from this maxim he never would flinch,
“That no town was so *Loyal* as Ballynahinch.”

II.

The great Statesman, it seems, had perused all their faces,
And being mightily struck with their loyal grimaces ;
While each townsman had sung, like a throstle or finch,
“We are all of us *Loyal* at Ballynahinch.”

III.

The great Statesman return'd to his speeches and readings ;
And the Ballynahinchers resumed their proceedings ;
They had most of them sworn “ *We’ll be true to the Frinch,*”*
So *Loyal* a town was this Ballynahinch !

IV.

Determined their landlord’s fine words to make good,
They hid Pikes in his haggard, cut Staves in his wood ;
And attack’d the King’s troops—the assertion to clinch,
That no town is so *Loyal* as Ballynahinch.

V.

O ! had we but trusted the *Rebels’* professions,
Met their cannon with smiles, and their pikes with concessions :
Though they still took an *ell*, when we gave them an *inch*,
They would all have been *Loyal*—like Ballynahinch.

* *Hibernicè pro French.*

DE NAVALI LAUDE BRITANNIÆ.

SUCCESSU si freta brevi, fatisque secundis,
Europæ sub pace vetet requiescere gentes,
Inque dies ruat ulterius furialibus armis
Gallia, tota instans à sedibus eruere imis
Fundamenta, quibus cultæ commercia vitæ
Firmant se subnixa ;—tuisne, Britannia, regnis
Ecquid ab hoste times ; dum te alba, unde Albion audis,
Saxa tuentur adhuc, magnoque Tridente potiris,
Dum pelagus circumfusus te fluctibus ambit ?

Tu medio stabilita mari, atque ingentibus undis
Cincta sedes ; nec tu angusto, Vulcania tanquam
Trinacris, interclusa sinu ; nec faucibus arctis
Septa freti brevis, impositisque coercita claustris.
Liberiora tibi spatia, et porrecta sine ullo
Limite regna patent (quanto neque maxima quondam
Carthago, aut Phœnissa Tyros, ditissima tellus
Floruit imperio) confinæque ultima mundi.

Ergone formidabis adhuc, ne se inferat olim,
Et campis impunè tuis superingruat hostis?
Usque adeòne parùm est, quod latè litora cernas
Præruptis turrata jugis, protentaque longo
Circuitu, et tutos passim præbentia portus?
Præsertim australes ad aquas, Damnoniaque arva,
Aut ubi Vecta viret, secessusque insula fidos
Efficit objectu laterum; saxosave Dubris
Velivolum latè pelagus, camposque liquentes
Aeria, adversasque aspectat desuper oras.

Nec levibus sanè auguriis, aut omine nullo
Auguror hinc fore perpetuum per secula nomen:
Dum nautis tam firma tuis, tam prodiga vitæ
Pectora, inexpletâ succensa cupidine famæ,
Nec turpi flectenda metu; dum maxima quercus,
Majestate excelsa suâ, atque ingentibus umbris,
Erigitur, vasto nodosa atque aspera trunco;
Silvarum regina. Hæc formidabilis olim
Noctem inter mediam nimborum, hyemesque sonantes,
Ardua se attolit super æquora; quam neque fluctûs
Spumosi attenuat furor, aut violentia venti
Frangere, et in medio potis est dirumpere ponto.

Viribus his innixa, saloque accincta frementi,
Tu media inter bella sedes ; ignara malorum,
Quæ tolerant obsessæ urbes, cùm jam hostica clausas
Fulminat ad portas acies, vallataque circùm
Castra locat, sævisque aditus circumsidet armis.

Talia sunt tibi perpetuæ fundamina famæ,
Ante alias diis cara, Britannia ! Prælia cerno
Inclyta, perpetuos testes quid maxima victrix,
Quid possis præclara tuo, maris arbitra, ponto.

Hæc inter, sanctas æternâ laude calendas
Servandas recolo, quibus illa, immane minata
Gentibus excidium, et totum grassata per orbem,
Illa odiis lymphata, et libertate recenti
Gallia, disjectam ferali funere classem
Indoluit devicta, et non reparabile vulnus.
Tempore quo instructas vidit longo ordine puppes
Rostratâ certare acie, et concurrere ad arma,
Ætheraque impulsu tremere, Uxantisque per undas
Lugubre lumen agi, atque rubentem fulgure fumum.

Cerno triumphatas acies, quo tempore Iberûm
Disjectos fastus, lacerisque aplustria velis
Horruit Oceanus :—quali formidine Gades

Intremere, ut fractâ classem se mole moventem
Hospitium petere, et portus videre relictos !

Quid referam, nobis quæ nuper adorea risit,
Te rursûs superante, die quo decolor ibat
Sanguine Belgarum Rhenus, fluctusque minores
Volvebat, frustra indignans polluta cruore
Ostia, et Angliaco tremefactas fulmine rupes.

Cerno pias ædes procûl, et regalia quondam
Atria, cæruleis quæ preterlabitur undis
Velivolus Thamesis ; materno ubi denique nautas
Excipis amplexu, virtus quoscumque virilis
Per pelagi impulerit discrimina, quælibet ausos
Pro Patriâ. Hîc rude donantur, dulcique senescunt
Hospitio emeriti, placidâque quiete potiti
Vulnera præteritos jactant testantia casus.

Macte ideò decus Oceani ! macte omne per ævum
Victrix, æquoreo stabilita Britannia regno !
Litoribusque tuis ne propugnacula tantùm
Præsidio fore, nec saxi munimina credas,
Nec tantùm quæ mille acies in utrumque parantur,
Aut patriam tutari, aut non superesse cadenti ;
Invictæ quantùm metuenda tonitrua Classis,

Angliacæ Classis ;—quæ majestate verendâ
Ultrix, inconcussa, diù dominabitur orbi,
Hostibus invidiosa tuis, et sæpe triumphis
Nobilitata novis, pelagi Regina subacti.

ETONENSIS.

No. XXXVI.

July 9.

NEW MORALITY.

FROM mental mists to purge a nation's eyes ;
To animate the weak, unite the wise ;
To trace the deep infection, that pervades
The crowded town, and taints the rural shades ;
To mark how wide extends the mighty waste
O'er the fair realms of Science, Learning, Taste ;
To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
And chase the varying falsehood as it flies ;
The long arrears of ridicule to pay,
To drag reluctant Dullness back to day ;
Much yet remains.—To you these themes belong,
Ye favour'd sons of virtue and of song !

Say, is the field too narrow? are the times
Barren of folly, and devoid of crimes?

Yet, venial vices, in a milder age,
Could rouse the warmth of Pope's satiric rage:

Ah! where is now that promise? why so long
Sleep the keen shafts of satire and of song?
Oh! come, with Taste, and Virtue at thy side,
With ardent zeal inflamed, and patriot pride;
With keen poetic glance direct the blow,
And empty all thy quiver on the foe:— 40
No pause—no rest—till weltering on the ground
The poisonous hydra lies, and pierced with many a wound.

Thou too!—the nameless Bard,*—whose honest zeal
For law, for morals, for the public weal,
Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes
The stream of verse, and many-linguaged prose;
Thou too!—though oft thy ill-advised dislike
The guiltless head with random censure strike,—
Though quaint allusions, vague and undefined,
Play faintly round the ear, but mock the mind;— 50
Through the mix'd mass yet truth and learning shine,
And manly vigour stamps the nervous line;
And patriot warmth the generous rage inspires,
And wakes and points the desultory fires!

Yet more remain unknown:—for who can tell
What bashful genius, in some rural cell,

* The Author of "the Pursuits of Literature."

As year to year, and day succeeds to day,
 In joyless leisure wastes his life away?
 In him the flame of early fancy shone;
 His genuine worth his old companions own; 60
 In childhood and in youth their chief confess'd,
 His master's pride, his pattern to the rest.
 Now, far aloof retiring from the strife
 Of busy talents, and of active life,
 As, from the loop-holes of retreat, he views
 Our stage, verse, pamphlets, politics, and news,
 He loaths the world,—or, with reflection sad,
 Concludes it irrecoverably mad;
 Of taste, of learning, morals, all bereft,
 No hope, no prospect to redeem it left. 70

Awake! for shame! or e'er thy nobler sense
 Sink in the oblivious pool of indolence!
 Must wit be found alone on falsehood's side,
 Unknown to truth, to virtue unallied?
 Arise! nor scorn thy country's just alarms;
 Wield in her cause thy long-neglected arms:
 Of lofty satire pour the indignant strain,
 Leagued with her friends, and ardent to maintain
 'Gainst Learning's, Virtue's, Truth's, Religion's foes,
 A kingdom's safety, and the world's repose. 80

If Vice appal thee,—if thou view with awe
 Insults that brave, and crimes that 'scape the law ;—
 Yet may the specious bastard brood, which claim
 A spurious homage under Virtue's name,
 Sprung from that parent of ten thousand crimes,
 The *New Philosophy* of modern times,—
 Yet, these may rouse thee !—With unsparing hand,
 Oh, lash the vile impostures from the land !

First, stern Philanthropy :—not she, who dries
 The orphan's tears, and wipes the widow's eyes ; 90
 Not she, who, sainted Charity her guide,
 Of British bounty pours the annual tide :—
 But *French* Philanthropy ;—whose boundless mind
 Glows with the general love of all mankind ;—
 Philanthropy,—beneath whose baneful sway
 Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away.

Taught in her school to imbibe thy mawkish strain,
 Condorcet, filter'd through the dregs of Paine,
 Each pert adept disowns a Briton's part,
 And plucks the name of England from his heart. 100

What shall a name, a word, a sound control
 The aspiring thought, and cramp the expansive soul ?

Shall one half-peopled Island's rocky round
 A love, that glows for all Creation, bound?
 And social charities contract the plan
 Framed for thy Freedom, UNIVERSAL MAN?
 —No—through the extended globe his feelings run
 As broad and general as the unbounded sun!
 No narrow bigot *he*;—*his* reason'd view
 Thy interests, England, ranks with thine, Peru! 110
 France at our doors, *he* sees no danger nigh,
 But heaves for Turkey's woes the impartial sigh;
 A steady Patriot of the World alone,
 The Friend of every Country—but his own.

Next comes a gentler Virtue.—Ah! beware
 Lest the harsh verse her shrinking softness scare.
 Visit her not too roughly; the warm sigh
 Breathes on her lips;—the tear-drop gems her eye.
 Sweet Sensibility, who dwells enshrined
 In the fine foldings of the feeling mind;— 120
 With delicate Mimosa's sense endued,
 Who shrinks, instinctive, from a hand too rude;
 Or, like the *anagallis*, prescient flower,
 Shuts her soft petals at the approaching shower.

Sweet child of sickly Fancy!—her of yore
From her loved France Rousseau to exile bore;
And, while midst lakes and mountains wild he ran,
Full of himself, and shunn'd the haunts of man,
Taught her o'er each lone vale and Alpine steep
To lisp the story of his wrongs, and weep; 130
Taught her to cherish still in either eye,
Of tender tears a plentiful supply,
And pour them in the brooks that babbled by;—
—Taught by nice scale to mete her feelings strong,
False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong;—
—For the crush'd beetle *first*,—the widow'd dove,
And all the warbled sorrows of the grove;—
Next for poor suff'ring *guilt*;—and *last* of all,
For Parents, Friends, a King, and Country's fall.

Mark her fair votaries, prodigal of grief, 140
With cureless pangs, and woes that mock relief,
Droop in soft sorrow o'er a faded flower;
O'er a dead jack-ass pour the pearly shower;
But hear, unmoved, of *Loire's* ensanguined flood,
Choked up with slain;—of *Lyons* drench'd in blood;
Of crimes that blot the age, the world with shame,
Foul crimes, but sicklied o'er with Freedom's name;

Altars and thrones subverted, social life
 Trampled to earth,—the husband from the wife,
 Parent from child, with ruthless fury torn,— 150
 Of talents, honour, virtue, wit, forlorn,
 In friendless exile,—of the wise and good
 Staining the daily scaffold with their blood,—
 Of savage cruelties, that scare the mind,
 The rage of madness with hell's lusts combined—
 Of hearts torn reeking from the mangled breast,—
 They hear—and hope, that ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

Fond hope!—but JUSTICE sanctifies the prayer—
 JUSTICE!—here, Satire, strike! 'twere sin to spare!
 Not she in British Courts that takes her stand, 160
 The dawdling balance dangling in her hand,
 Adjusting punishments to frauds and vice,
 With scrupulous quirks, and disquisition nice:—
 But firm, erect, with keen reverted glance,
 The avenging angel of regenerate France,
 Who visits ancient sins on modern times,
 And punishes the Pope for Cæsar's crimes.*

* The Manes of Vercengetorix are supposed to have been very much gratified by the invasion of Italy and the plunder of the Roman territory. The defeat of the Burgundians is to be revenged on the modern inhabitants of Switzerland. But the Swiss were a free people, defending their liberties against a tyrant. Moreover,

Such is the liberal JUSTICE which presides
 In these our days, and modern patriots guides ;—
 JUSTICE, whose blood-stain'd book one sole decree, 170
 One statute fills—" the People shall be Free."
 Free by what means ?—by folly, madness, guilt,
 By boundless rapines, blood in oceans spilt ;
 By confiscation, in whose sweeping toils
 The poor man's pittance with the rich man's spoils,
 Mix'd in one common mass, are swept away,
 To glut the short-lived tyrant of the day ;—
 By laws, religion, morals, all o'erthrown :—
 —Rouse then, ye sovereign people, claim your own :—
 The licence that enthrals, the truth that blinds, 180
 The wealth that starves you, and the power that grinds.
 —So JUSTICE bids.—"Twas her enlighten'd doom,
 Louis, thy holy head devoted to the tomb !
 'Twas JUSTICE claim'd, in that accursed hour,
 The fatal forfeit of too lenient power.
 —Mourn for the Man we may ;—but for the King,—
 Freedom, oh ! Freedom's such a charming thing !

they happened to be in alliance with France at the time. No matter, Burgundy is since become a province of France, and the French have acquired a property in all the injuries and defeats which the people of that country may have sustained, together with a title to revenge and retaliation to be exercised in the present, or any future centuries, as may be found most glorious and convenient.

“ Much may be said on both sides.”—Hark ! I hear
 A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear,—
 The voice of CANDOUR.—Hail ! most solemn sage, 190
 Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,
 CANDOUR, which softens party’s headlong rage.
 CANDOUR,—which spares its foes ; nor e’er descends
 With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
 CANDOUR,—which loves in see-saw strain to tell
 Of *acting foolishly*, but *meaning well* ;
 Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
 Convinced that *all men’s motives* are the same ;—
 And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
 BLACK’s not so black ;—nor WHITE so *very* white. 200

“ Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong :—
 “ But then Pitt’s words, you’ll own, were *rather* strong.
 “ Both must be blamed, both pardon’d ;—’twas just so
 “ With Fox and Pitt full forty years ago ;
 “ So Walpole, Pulteney ;—factions in all times,
 “ Have had their follies, ministers their crimes.”

Give me the avow’d, the erect, the manly foe,
 Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow ;
 But of all plagues, good heaven, thy wrath can send,
 Save, save, oh ! save me from the *Candid Friend* ! 210

“ Barras loves plunder,—Merlin takes a bribe,—
 “ What then?—shall CANDOUR these good men proscribe?
 “ No! ere we join the loud-accusing throng,
 “ Prove,—not the facts,—but, that *they thought them wrong*.

“ Why hang O’Quigley?—he, misguided man,
 “ In sober thought his country’s weal *might* plan.
 “ And, while his deep-wrought Treason sapp’d the throne,
 “ *Might* act from *taste in morals*, all his own.”

Peace to such Reasoners!—let them have their way;
 Shut their dull eyes against the blaze of day.— 220
 Priestley’s a Saint, and Stone a Patriot still;
 And La Fayette a Hero, if they will.

I love the bold uncompromising mind,
 Whose principles are fix’d, whose views defined:
 Who scouts and scorns, in canting CANDOUR’s spite,
 All *taste in morals*, innate sense of right,
 And Nature’s impulse, all uncheck’d by art,
 And feelings fine, that float about the heart:
 Content for good men’s guidance, bad men’s awe,
 On moral truth to rest, and Gospel law. 230
 Who owns, when Traitors feel the avenging rod,
 Just retribution, and the hand of God;

Who hears the groans through Olmutz' roofs that ring,
 Of him who mock'd, misled, betray'd his King—
 Hears unappall'd:—though Faction's zealots preach—
 Unmoved, unsoften'd by F—tzip—tr—ck's speech.

—* That speech on which the melting Commons hung,
 “ While truths divine came mended from *his* tongue ”—
 How loving husband clings to duteous wife,—
 How pure religion soothes the ills of life,— 240
 How Popish ladies trust their pious fears
 And naughty actions in their chaplain's ears. —
 Half novel and half sermon on it flow'd ;
 With pious zeal THE OPPOSITION glow'd ;
 And as o'er each the soft infection crept,
 Sigh'd as he whined, and as he whimper'd wept ;—

* The speech of General F—tzip—tr—ck, on his motion for an Address of the House of Commons to the Emperor of Germany, to demand the deliverance of M. La Fayette from the prison of Olmutz, was one of the most dainty pieces of oratory that ever drew tears from a crowded gallery, and the clerks at the table. It was really quite moving to hear the General talk of religion, conjugal fidelity, and “ such branches of learning.” There were a few who laughed indeed, but that was thought hard-hearted, and immoral, and irreligious, and God knows what. Crying was the *order of the day*. Why will not the OPPOSITION try these topics again? La Fayette indeed (the more's the pity) is out. But why not a motion for a general gaol-delivery of all State Prisoners throughout Europe?

E'en C—w—n dropp'd a sentimental tear,
And stout St. A—dr—w yelp'd a softer "Hear!"

O! nurse of crimes and fashions! which in vain
Our colder servile spirits would attain, 250
How do we ape thee, France! but blundering still
Disgrace the pattern by our want of skill.
The borrow'd step our awkward gait reveals:
(As clumsy C—rtn—y* mars the verse he steals.)
How do we ape thee, France!—nor claim alone
Thy arts, thy tastes, thy morals for our own,
But to thy Worthies render homage due,
Their † "hair-breadth scapes" with anxious interest view;
Statesmen and heroines whom this age adores,
Though plainer times would call them rogues and whores.

See Louvet, patriot, pamphleteer, and sage, 261
Tempering, with amorous fire, his virtuous rage.

* See p. 59, in the note, for a theft more shameless, and an application of the thing stolen more stupid, than any of those recorded of Irish story-tellers by Joe Miller.

† See *Récit de mes Perils*, by Louvet; *Mémoires d'un Detenu*, by Riouffe, &c. The avidity with which these productions were read, might, we should hope, be accounted for upon principles of mere curiosity (as we read the Newgate Calendar, and the history of the Buccaneers), not from any interest in favour of a set of wretches, infinitely more detestable than all the robbers and pirates that ever existed.

Form'd for all tasks, his various talents see,—
 The luscious novel, the severe decree.
 —Then mark him weltering in his nasty sty,
 Bare his lewd transports to the public eye.
 Not *his* the love in silent groves that strays,
 Quits the rude world, and shuns the vulgar gaze.
 In Lodoiska's full possession bless'd,
 One craving void still aches within his breast ;— 270
 Plunged in the filth and fondness of her arms,
 Not to himself alone he stints her charms ;
 Clasp'd in each other's foul embrace they lie,
 But know no joy, unless the world stands by .
 —The fool of vanity, for her alone
 He lives, loves, writes, and dies but to be known.

His widow'd mourner flies to poison's aid,
 Eager to join her Louvet's parted shade
 In those bright realms where sainted lovers stray,—
 But harsh emetics tear that hope away.* 280

* Every lover of modern French literature, and admirer of modern French characters, must remember the rout which was made about Louvet's death, and Lodoiska's poison. The attempt at self-slaughter, and the process of the recovery, the arsenic, and the castor oil, were served up in daily messes from the French papers, till the public absolutely sickened.

—Yet hapless Louvet! where thy bones are laid,
 The easy nymphs shall consecrate the shade.*
 There, in the laughing morn of genial spring,
 Unwedded pairs shall tender couplets sing;
 Eringoes, o'er the hallow'd spot shall bloom,
 And flies of Spain buzz softly round the tomb.†

But hold, severer virtue claims the Muse—
 Roland the just, with ribands in his shoes—‡
 And Roland's spouse who paints with chaste delight
 The doubtful conflict of her nuptial night;— 290
 Her virgin charms what fierce attacks assail'd,
 And how the rigid Minister§ prevail'd.

And ah! what verse can grace thy stately mien,
 Guide of the world, preferment's golden queen,
 Neckar's fair daughter,—Stael the Epicene!
 Bright o'er whose flaming cheek and pumple|| nose,
 The bloom of young desire unceasing glows!

* *Faciles Napeæ.*

† See *Anthologia*, passim.

‡ Such was the strictness of this Minister's principles, that he positively refused to go to court in shoe-buckles.—See *Dumourier's Memoirs*.

§ See *Madame Roland's Memoirs*—" *Rigide Ministre*," Brissot à ses Commetans.

|| The "pumple" nosed attorney of Furnival's Inn.—*Congreve's Way of the World*.

Fain would the Muse—but ah ! she dares no more,
 A mournful voice from lone Guyana's shore,*
 —Sad Quatremer—the bold presumption checks, 300
 Forbid to question thy ambiguous sex.

To thee, proud Barras bows ;—thy charms control
 Rewbell's brute rage, and Merlin's subtle soul ;
 Raised by thy hands, and fashion'd to thy will,
 Thy power, thy guiding influence, governs still,
 Where at the blood-stain'd board expert he plies,
 The lame artificer of fraud and lies ;
 He with the mitred head and cloven heel,—
 Doom'd the coarse edge of Rewbell's jests to feel ;†

* These lines contain the secret History of Quatremer's deportation. He presumed in the Council of Five Hundred to arraign Madame de Stael's conduct, and even to hint a doubt of her sex. He was sent to Guyana. The transaction naturally brings to one's mind, the dialogue between Falstaff and Hostess Quickly in Shakspeare's Henry IV.

Fal. Thou art neither fish nor flesh—a man cannot tell where to have thee.

Quick. Thou art an unjust man for saying so—thou or any man knows where to have me.

† For instance, in the course of a political discussion, Rewbell observed to the Ex-bishop—“ *that his understanding was as crooked as his legs*”—“ *Vil Emigré, tu n'as pas le sens plus droit que les pieds*”—and therewithal threw an ink-stand at him. It whizzed along, as we have been informed, like the fragment of a rock from the hand of one of Ossian's heroes :—but the wily apostate shrunk beneath the table, and the weapon passed over him, innocuous and guiltless of his blood or brains.

To stand the playful buffet, and to hear 310
 The frequent ink-stand whizzing past his ear ;
 While all the five Directors laugh to see
 “ The limping priest so deft at his new ministry.”*

Last of the ANOINTED FIVE behold, and least,
 The Directorial Lama, Sovereign Priest,—
 Lepaux :—whom atheists worship ;—at whose nod
 Bow their meek heads *the men without a God.*†

Ere long, perhaps, to this astonish'd Isle,
 Fresh from the shores of subjugated Nile,
 Shall Buonaparte's victor fleet protect 320
 The genuine Theo-Philanthropic sect,—
 The sect of Marat, Mirabeau, Voltaire,—
 Led by their Pontiff, good La Reveillere,

* See Homer's description of Vulcan. *First Iliad.*

Inextinguibilis verò exoriebatur risus beatis numinibus

Ut viderunt Vulcanum per domos ministrantem.

† The men without a God—one of the new sects.—Their religion is intended to consist in the adoration of a Great Book, in which all the virtuous actions of the Society are to be entered and registered. “ In times of Civil Commotion they are “ to come forward to exhort the Citizens to unanimity, and to read them a chapter “ out of the Great Book. When oppressed or proscribed, they are to retire to “ a burying-ground, to wrap themselves up in their great coats, and wait the “ approach of death,” &c.

—Rejoiced our CLUBS shall greet him, and install
 The holy Hunch-back in thy dome, St. Paul!
 While countless votaries thronging in his train
 Wave their Red Caps, and hymn this jocund strain:

“ *Couriers* and *Stars*, Seditious Evening Host,
 “ Thou *Morning Chronicle*, and *Morning Post*,
 “ Whether ye make the Rights of Man your theme, 330
 “ Your Country libel, and your God blaspheme,
 “ Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw,
 “ Still blasphemous or blackguard, praise Lepaux.

“ And ye five other wandering Bards, that move
 “ In sweet accord of harmony and love,
 “ C—dge and S—th—y, L—d, and L—be and Co.
 “ Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux!

“ Pr—tl—y and W—f—ld, humble, holy men,
 “ Give praises to his name with tongue and pen!

“ Th—lw—l, and ye that lecture as ye go, 340
 “ And for your pains get pelted, praise Lepaux!

“ Praise him each Jacobin, or fool, or knave,
 “ And your cropp'd heads in sign of worship wave!

“ All creeping creatures, venomous and low,
 “ Paine, W—ll—ms, G—dw—n, H—lcr—ft, praise Lepaux !

“ ——— and ———, with ——— join’d,
 “ And every other beast after his kind.

“ And thou *Leviathan* ! on ocean’s brim
 “ Hugest of living things that sleep and swim ;
 “ Thou in whose nose, by Burke’s gigantic hand, 350
 “ The hook was fix’d to drag thee to the land,
 “ With ———, ———, and ——— * in thy train,
 “ And ——— wallowing in the yeasty main—†
 “ Still as ye snort, and puff, and spout, and blow,
 “ In puffing, and in spouting, praise Lepaux !”

Britain, beware ; nor let the insidious foe,
 Of force despairing, aim a deadlier blow.
 Thy peace, thy strength, with devilish wiles assail,
 And when her arms are vain, by arts prevail.

* The Reader is at liberty to fill up the blanks according to his own opinion, and after the chances and changes of the times. It would be highly unfair to hand down to posterity as followers of *Leviathan*, the names of men who may, and probably will soon, grow ashamed of their leader.

† Though the *yeasty* sea
 Consume and swallow navigation up. *Macbeth.*

True, thou art rich, art powerful!—through thine Isle 360
Industrious skill, contented labour, smile ;
Far seas are studded with thy countless sails ;
What wind but wafts them, and what shore but hails !
True, thou art brave!—o'er all the busy land
In patriot ranks embattled myriads stand ;
Thy foes behold with impotent amaze,
And drop the lifted weapon as they gaze !

But what avails to guard each outward part,
If subtlest poison, circling at thy heart,
Spite of thy courage, of thy power, and wealth, 370
Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health ?

So thine own Oak, by some fair streamlet's side
Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride,
Towers from the earth, and rearing to the skies
Its conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies :
Its ample branches shield the fowls of air,
To its cool shade the panting herds repair.—
The treacherous current works its noiseless way,—
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay ;
Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies ; and all 380
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.

Pleased may they live to plan their Country's good,
And crop, with calm content, their flowery food!

What though thy venturous spirit loved to urge
The labouring theme to Reason's utmost verge,
Kindling and mounting from the enraptured sight;— 410
Still anxious wonder watch'd thy daring flight!
—While vulgar minds, with mean malignant stare,
Gazed up, the triumph of thy fall to share!
Poor triumph! price of that extorted praise,
Which still to daring Genius Envy pays.

Oh! for thy playful smile,—thy potent frown,—
To abash bold Vice, and laugh pert Folly down!
So should the Muse in Humour's happiest vein,
With verse that flow'd in metaphoric strain,
And apt allusions to the rural trade, 420
Tell of *what wood young JACOBINS are made*;
How the skill'd Gardener grafts with nicest rule
The *slip* of Coxcomb, on the *stock* of Fool;—
Forth in bright blossom bursts the tender sprig,
A thing to wonder at,* perhaps a *Whig*.—

* *i. e.* Perhaps a *Member of the WHIG CLUB*—a Society that has presumed to monopolize to itself a title to which it never had any claim, but from the character of those who have now withdrawn themselves from it.—“*Perhaps*” signifies that *even the WHIG CLUB sometimes rejects a candidate, whose PRINCIPLES (risum teneatis) it affects to disapprove.*

Should tell, how wise each half-fledged pedant prates
Of weightiest matters, grave distinctions states—

—That rules of policy, and public good,

In Saxon times were rightly understood ;

—That Kings are proper, *may be* useful things,

430

But then some Gentlemen object to Kings ;

—That in all times the Minister's to blame ;

—That British Liberty's an empty name,

Till each fair burgh, numerically free,

Shall choose its Members by *the Rule of Three*.

So should the Muse, with verse in thunder clothed,
Proclaim the crimes by God and Nature loathed.

Which—when fell poison revels in the veins—

(That poison fell, which frantic Gallia drains

From the crude fruit of Freedom's blasted tree)

440

Blots the fair records of Humanity.

To feeblers nations let proud France afford
Her damning choice,—the chalice or the sword,—
To drink or die ;—oh fraud ! oh specious lie !
Delusive choice ! for *if* they drink, they die.

The sword we dread not :—of ourselves secure,
Firm were our strength, our Peace and Freedom sure.

Let all the world confederate all its powers,
 " Be they not back'd by those that should be ours,"
 High on his rock shall BRITAIN'S GENIUS stand, 450
 Scatter the crowded hosts, and vindicate the land.

Guard we but our own hearts : with constant view
 To ancient morals, ancient manners true,
 True to the manlier virtues, such as nerved
 Our fathers' breasts, and this proud Isle preserved
 For many a rugged age :—and scorn the while,—
 Each philosophic atheist's specious guile.—
 The soft seductions, the refinements nice,
 Of gay morality, and easy vice :—
 So shall we brave the storm ;—our 'stablish'd power
 Thy refuge, Europe, in some happier hour.— 461
 —But, French *in heart*—though victory crown our brow,
 Low at our feet though prostrate nations bow,
 Wealth gild our cities, commerce crowd our shore,—
 London may shine, but England is no more.



FINIS.



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